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EDITORIAL

# OVERDRAWN BLANK CHECKS

In the beginning there was covert action, and Richard Nixon said, Let there be deniability. And then there was overtization of covert action, and Reagan said it was good.

We'll let the metaphysicians decide whether it is progress when the United States moves from illegally overthrowing governments secretly to illegally overthrowing them overtly. But the question is not irrelevant to the current Senate Armed Services Committee hearings on the Bush Administration's policies in the gulf.

As witnesses before the panel raised polite questions about the rush to war, the word went forth that such reservations, indeed the hearings themselves, played into the hands of the enemy. Seeing the division in public opinion, the hawkish argument runs, Saddam Hussein will conclude that America lacks the guts to go to war and will refuse to withdraw from Kuwait. In other words, actions, however dubious, may be overt, but debate about taking them must be covert.

On November 27, public television's valuable *Frontline* series provided a vivid and disturbing reminder of a covert episode of the recent past that has been consigned to forgetfulness—the Iran/*contra* scandal. The program, aptly titled "High Crimes and Misdemeanors," showed how President Reagan, with the assistance of the C.I.A. and the rest of the secret government, flouted the will of Congress. As former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane put it, Iran/*contra* was nothing less than an exercise in "absolute stealth." By averting its eyes, Congress in effect gave the executive a blank check.

Reviewing the program on *CBS News Sunday Morning*, John Leonard observed, "If you don't think that bloody blank check is relevant to what happens to us next, welcome to Kuwait."

MILKENMANIA

DERELICTION OF DUTY
Edward Sorel

SAUDI DISSENT
Judith Caesar

'CARDENISMO'
Paco Ignacio Taibo II

ALAS, KASTENMEIER
David Corn

BIG BUSINESS HIJACKS GATT
Daphne Wysham

TROUBLE IN MOTOR CITY
Lawrence Joseph

HE WHO GOT SLAPPED

# LESSONS MAGGIE TAUGHT ME

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

*Paris*

"I make up my mind about people in the first 10 seconds, and I very rarely change it." So *The New York Times* quoted Margaret Thatcher as saying on the day of her resignation. I would be happy to think that the statement was truthful, since within minutes of first being introduced to me, Thatcher lashed me across the buttocks with a rolled-up parliamentary order paper.

It happened in the course of an exchange of views about Rhodesia in the late fall of 1977, when she was still leader of the opposition and was pandering to the racists in her party and the electorate. Influenced perhaps by the fact that we were meeting in the Rosebery Room of the House of Lords, I made the mistake of bowing as if to acknowledge some point of hers, and she took swift advantage of my posture by shrieking, "Bow lower!" and plying the document above mentioned. Like the British electorate, now shaking itself after more than a decade of Thatcherite *pouvoir*, I often look back wistfully upon that spanking in the hope of decoding its significance.

Within one year of being elected Prime Minister, in 1979, Thatcher had reversed herself and overseen the transition of Rhodesia into Zimbabwe. This achievement of hers, often overlooked, came after half a dozen Labor Foreign Secretaries had simply abdicated in the face of the white settler revolt. Nor was that the only instance of her breaking the rules of the stale, centrist, stagnant British consensus. By the

(*Cont. on p. 757*)

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# LETTERS.

## SHEEP'S CLOTHING

*Washington*

Christine Schoefer's "Germany Rewrites History: The Attack on Christa Wolf" [Oct. 22] is a striking example of the moral and political blindness (as well as the scant regard for fact) of a segment of the "left." Since many of those criticizing Christa Wolf for her systematic discretion under the Stalinism and neo-Stalinism of the party that monopolized power in the German Democratic Republic regularly support either the Social Democrats or the Greens, it is absurd to depict their criticisms as part of a campaign to discredit "socialism." "Socialism" in the version installed in eastern Germany has, after all, thoroughly discredited itself. Wolf is disappointed that the populace of the former Communist state did not heed appeals from herself and others to persist in a purified version of the socialist experiment. Perhaps they would have, but the cultural elite represented by even so formidable a figure as Wolf had discredited themselves by accepting privileges from the regime: She could travel to the West when others had to remain behind the wall. The behavior of many East German intellectuals was reminiscent of the "inner emigration" under the Third Reich—the behavior of persons inwardly opposed to the regime who carefully refrained from anything that could be construed as an act of resistance. Finally, it is simply untrue that "it is virtually impossible to find any reportage on East Germany that does not subscribe to the conservative agenda." Schoefer is playing upon the inability of most of *The Nation*'s public to read German. *Norman Birnbaum*

## CRYING WOLF

*Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

The critics assaulting Christa Wolf protest too loudly, revealing more than they intend to. In January 1989, I was at the home of a well-respected Communist Party member in East Berlin, a highly regarded intellectual in the party hierarchy with a considerable body of writing on human rights in international law. After he had given us a genuinely heartfelt description of the years spent after World War II (*a k a* the War Against Fascism) helping to build a new society, I asked how he felt about the writings of Christa Wolf. Without pause, he told me that he had strong disagreements with her, that indeed the party had "problems" with her work. Critics who attack Christa for not playing their bizarre role of the brave dissident and who brand her as the party favorite say she displayed cowardice by publishing a work completed ten years earlier, when the party was keeping her under surveillance. But in January 1989, just months before the mass demonstrations began, it was obvious that the party still disliked and feared her work.

The assaults from the West German critics should not be seen simply as exercises in German nationalism. Instead, we should view them as just another contribution to maintaining total control over any and all change in the capitalist West's new frontier—the Latin Americanization of Eastern Europe, as Noam Chomsky calls it. On December 8, 1989, predating the current literary attacks on her, the U.S. "paper of record" printed Christa's plea that the people of the G.D.R. control the rapidly changing situation and prevent the selling out of their country lock, stock and barrel by party elites to West German financiers. *The New York Times* printed this plea under the demeaning headline "The G.D.R. Forever," as if to say, Read this for a good chuckle. Reading that statement from Christa Wolf and seeing what has taken place since, one wonders whether in fact Christa is Cassandra. *Joseph D. Reilly*

## NAMING NO NAMES

*Washington*

Katrina vanden Heuvel's editorial on Martha Dodd Stern [Sept. 24] suggests that it is important that the record be set straight with respect to the espionage charges on which she and her husband, Alfred, were indicted. The article states that in 1979 the charges were dropped "for lack of evidence" and implies that this confirms suspicions that the Sterns were right when they charged that the case was "a frame-up from beginning to end."

The article neglects to mention that the F.B.I. had evidence that the Sterns were part of a Soviet spy ring that included Jack Soble and his brother, Robert Soblen. Soble was convicted and sent to prison. Soblen, like the Sterns, fled the country, but he ended up in England, and he committed suicide to avoid extradition. The Sterns went to Cuba and then to Czechoslovakia, which protected them from extradition but made it impossible to argue that they were not sympathetic to communism.

By 1971 the Sterns wanted to return to the United States. The Justice Department, the F.B.I. and the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York all agreed that they would first have to submit to F.B.I. interrogation. The F.B.I. believed that the Sterns had important information that might help uncover spies who were still active. The U.S. Attorney said they should be advised that they would be prosecuted to the fullest extent unless they cooperated fully in disclosing the information they had about the spy ring and all those involved in it.

The Sterns refused to submit to interrogation, and they were not permitted to return. That was the situation until 1977, when Representative Don Edwards asked the Carter Justice Department to drop the charges against the Sterns. When that failed, he turned to the White House. That worked. Despite the wishes of the F.B.I. that the Sterns be required to submit to interrogation first, the Justice Department agreed to drop the case. The U.S. Attorney objected but was overruled, and in March 1979 he had to ask that the indictments be quashed on the ground that there was "no evidence to make a prima facie case" against the Sterns. Five months later the Sterns showed their appreciation by contributing $500 to Don Edwards's campaign fund.

The Sterns could have returned to the United States in 1971 if they had been willing to tell the F.B.I. who else was tied to their espionage ring. The question is not were the spy charges true, but who were the big fish who got away, thanks to the refusal of Alfred and Martha Dodd Stern to name names.

*Reed Irvine*
*Accuracy in Media*

## VANDEN HEUVEL REPLIES

*New York City*

Judging from Reed Irvine's assertions, the F.B.I. has been more generous in sharing information with him about the Sterns' case than it has been with *The Nation*. We submitted a Freedom of Information Act request in this matter four years ago but have yet to receive a single document. Since the government never revealed any evidence for its allegations against Martha and Alfred Stern, how does Irvine know that "the F.B.I. had evidence that the Sterns were part of a Soviet spy ring"? If Irvine has access to F.B.I. inside information, we would be happy to review it.

Irvine is wrong when he says the Sterns refused to submit to interrogation. In 1975 the Sterns agreed to meet with F.B.I. representatives in Prague, Warsaw, Sofia or Belgrade. After months of negotiations between the Sterns' lawyers and Harold Tyler, then Deputy Attorney General, the F.B.I. agreed to "a limited time frame for questioning of Mrs. Stern only." When the F.B.I. insisted on meeting in Paris, Vienna or Stockholm, the Sterns, fearful of extradition, refused. They also worried about an F.B.I. "fishing expedition," a bureau practice in the past. "We will not be informers," they wrote their lawyer. Moreover, Tyler told the Sterns' lawyer at the time that he believed the government no longer had a case against the couple.

Irvine's swipe at Don Edwards is also off base. According to Edwards, he sent a letter to the Attorney General and did not pursue the matter with the White House.

My editorial said that the record should be set straight. As with so many cold war cases, the Sterns' still involves more questions than answers. Irvine claims to know the answers. That claim reveals his profound contempt for the fundamental American principles of due process and presumption of innocence.

*Katrina vanden Heuvel*

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# EDITORIALS.

## Milken De-wigged

With Michael Milken now facing as much as ten years in jail, it's worth asking a question that is rarely posed: Who *were* his victims? Although answers are surprisingly hard to come by, the list would probably be dominated by money managers, other deal makers and professional speculators—in other words, not what Wall Street refers to as "the public." Serious stuff, for sure, but hardly worthy of a national crusade.

To justify a crusade, you have to discover some offense against principle. Rudolph Giuliani, Milken's former prosecutor, did that when he talked to *Barron's* recently. To Giuliani, the junk-bond monger's offense was to undermine the apparent "integrity of the marketplace." If people don't believe in this integrity, Giuliani said, they won't participate in the "capital-formation system." So Milken, the 1980s capitalist par excellence, has to hang for the good of the free-market system itself. But it was precisely this system that brought us the really dangerous stuff, the financial hazardous waste that will haunt us for years. Debt was recklessly applied and workers, capital and nature casually liquidated

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in order to earn fees for deal makers and bigger interest payments for the *rentier* class. None of those, of course, are indictable offenses.

Milkenism was Wall Street's religion during the fat years. The virus infected even Morgan Guaranty, New York's strongest and toniest bank. Let's turn to a January 1989 speech by Roberto Mendoza, then the bank's vice president for mergers and now its vice chair. After praising what the Milkenites called the liquid market in corporate control—the idea that people with money can buy up all the shares of a company and do whatever they want with it—Mendoza offered this reflection: "We often read in the press of returns on equity of 800 to 900 percent over a two- or three-year period. Somehow the bias has taken hold that this is an excessive return, or that someone is being exploited. We believe that financial buyers are intelligently using the methodology that many strategic corporate buyers do not use, and that the returns are not excessive; in fact, they are very reasonable. The financial buyer is using leverage in a creative and intelligent manner."

This ideal sees labor and capital as mobile, malleable and ultimately disposable—endlessly fungible sources of dividends and interest. As in most English-speaking countries, our system offers few barriers to the realization of that ideal. The various pathologies of the 1970s—inflation, real interest rates near or below zero, workers with a bad attitude—led the stock market to value shares near or below their real-world values. "Financial buyers," as opposed to "corporate buyers" who devour other firms for semiplausible business reasons, could buy a firm, liquidate or transform it and cash in on quick and staggering profits. If workers had to be laid off, or R&D budgets cut, those were the unfortunate side effects of getting lean and mean.

As the bull market of the 1980s progressed, deals got dumber and more expensive and, therefore, more likely to fail, but by then the game had acquired a life of its own. So the junk movement relied increasingly on its intoxicating rationales. The most venerable of these justifications were, first, that debt can be a wondrous disciplinary force, pushing managers to make the tough decisions necessary to achieve lean-and-meanhood, and, second, that giving managers part or full ownership of their firm makes them more inspired leaders. The first reason is largely a self-serving invention of the deal makers; the fact that most junk bonds are selling at deep discounts to their face value suggests that a big interest bill is death dealing, not life giving. The second, however, raises an interesting question: If managers do better when they own the corporation, how much better might workers do if *they* owned it?

Giuliani may talk about a "broad-based" securities market, but the number of active individual investors—people making five or more stock trades a year—is quite small, only 2 percent of the population. These people, along with the relative handful who control the trillions of dollars in pension fund, insurance company and bank investment portfolios, are still free to manipulate the nation's productive assets in whatever way they like. They are the legal owners, and they aren't doing a very impressive job of it.

The Drexel-Milken saga could be an opportunity to explore this system's shortcomings, but like the savings and loan disaster it's being treated mainly as an episode of personal villainy. It isn't, and the pathologies are still with us. Sending Mike away may satisfy the *Schadenfreude* of us groundlings (the thought of his having to surrender his toupee to the warden is pretty compelling) and may even purge a guilty conscience or two on Wall Street, but it changes nothing.

# Solidarity Lost

On December 9, after a second ballot, Lech Walesa, the former electrician from the Lenin Shipyards, will be the President of the Polish Republic. But the first ballot two weeks earlier, in which the utterly unknown Stanislaw Tyminski took 23.1 percent of the vote and became Walesa's second-round rival, may have sounded the death knell for Solidarity. Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki, eliminated from the contest with only 18.1 percent of the vote, is the obvious first victim. But Walesa has also suffered and so has the movement. The verdict from Warsaw holds a lesson for the whole of Eastern Europe.

The price that Mazowiecki has paid is not for his intellectual honesty or his lack of brilliance. It is for his economic program, spelled out by Jeffrey Sachs and sponsored by the International Monetary Fund, and for the drastic cut in living standards and the dramatic rise in unemployment. But it is also a verdict on the intellectual message that went with it. You do not switch from workers' solidarity to an attitude of "I'm all right Jack" without consequences. If the main slogan you preach to the people is "Enrich yourselves," then instead of picking a modest Warsaw intellectual like Mazowiecki, they will turn instead to a symbol, a local boy who's back home after making his fortune in the New World, even if he's not the main star of the show. In the Polish election Stan Tyminski is a figure from a poor man's *Dallas*, and the Polish government is paying the price for the quality of the dream it has inspired.

Lech Walesa has scarcely fared any better. True, 40 percent on a first ballot with several candidates is not bad for a normal contender, but it is meager for a would-be national savior; it is not a score of which plebiscites are made. This is all the more true since Walesa, once in office, will not be able to criticize his Prime Minister, while offering basically the same medicine. Incidentally, the general awareness in Poland that the two former friends from Solidarity offered essentially the same economic prescription—the so-called Balcerowicz plan—was one of Tyminski's assets. He could be different things to different people. For some he was a symbol of capitalist success. For others he was the outsider, the opponent of consensus, the man accusing the government of selling the country on the cheap to foreigners. Now that so much of the capital acquired by Solidarity has been visibly squandered, will Walesa change his economic line, or will he look for scapegoats? Judging by the unscrupulous

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conduct of his campaign, it is difficult to be optimistic.

For the outside world the main message of this election is that good will is inevitably a fast-wasting asset. The Polish example has been widely quoted by the advocates of "shock therapy," notably in Moscow. If the doctor is popular, the nation is ready to take the most bitter potion, the reformers around Boris Yeltsin have argued. Now the advocates of the fast track to capitalism throughout the area are themselves in shock. If the Poles, with a labor movement behind them, have so rapidly spent the political capital acquired over ten years of heroic struggle, the precedent is discouraging.

For the same reasons, Western media reaction to the Polish election has been uneasy. Clearly, anticommunism plus capitalist shock tactics is not quite enough. Yet that is no reason to follow the arguments of some commentators in Warsaw who, echoing Brecht, are now ready to dissolve the people. Those Polish politicians who are beginning to say that their people may not be ripe for democracy would do well to look in a mirror. A year after the fall of the Berlin wall, the days of illusion are over. DANIEL SINGER

*Daniel Singer is* The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

# Lessons

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Anglo-Irish agreement at Hillsborough she gave up Britain's absurd claim to exclusive sovereignty over Northern Ireland. And after her first meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev she became the first capitalist politician to declare that he was for real and meant business. It is absolutely safe to say that no Labor Prime Minister would have had the nerve to do either of those two things.

So as I stood in the courtyard of the Louis Quinze embassy on the Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré on November 20 and saw her absorb the news that she had failed with her own party, I felt an unbidden emotion of regret. There seemed no disgrace in rejection at the hands of the Tory parliamentary caucus—as ripe a collection of opportunists and bond salesmen as you could meet in a day's march. I found myself hoping that she would make a fight of it, if only to expose the real disgrace, which is that under British "rules" such a caucus can, on a secret ballot, change the government in an afternoon.

It is easy to summarize the foulness of the Thatcher years: the combination of Malthus and Ayn Rand that went to make up her social philosophy; the police mentality that she evinced when faced with dissent; the awful toadying to Reagan and now Bush; the indulgence shown to apartheid; the coarse, racist betrayal of Hong Kong; the destruction of local democracy and autonomous popular institutions. Yet every Tory in the House had voted gleefully for all of those things, and one of them, her newly anointed clone, John Major, has disagreed with Thatcher only from the right. While on the ostensible issue of principle, a common European system, Labor's conversion has been too late and too shallow to be convincing.

Christopher Hill, perhaps England's greatest living historian, pointed out to me in the summer of 1988 that Thatcher had quarreled with the monarchy, the House of Lords, the Church of England, the Inns of Court, the University of Oxford and the Chiefs of Staff—every ancestral prop of the British state. Detestable though she was, she was a radical and not a reactionary. She has not been removed for any of her offenses against democracy or decency. Rather, she has been deposed by those who worship only opinion polls and their own skins and who yearn for a quiet life and business as usual—living gallantly off the fat of the land.

"An end to conviction politics," smugly wrote Peter Jenkins, Fleet Street's most devoted practitioner of consensus journalism. Let us hope not. "Thatcherism" has made possible a movement for a serious, law-based constitutional republic in Britain and has hacked away at the encrusted institutions and attitudes that stood in its path. Thatcher has herself shown that there is power and dignity to be won by defying the status quo and the majority rather than by adapting to them. If the British left, which she froze into immobility like Medusa, could bring itself to learn from this, then we might not have to look upon her like again.

Next week, the winner of the first *Nation* Magazine/I.F. Stone Award for Student Journalism.

★

## Upon Mrs. Thatcher's Withdrawal

*But why'd you have to be so mean, Maggie?*
*Why treat opponents as unclean?*
*You think a martinet*
*Is preferable to a "wet"?*
*Why not be somewhere in between?*

*You would have gotten what you got, Maggie.*
*You could have privatized the lot.*
*But no one was exempt*
*From feeling your contempt.*
*For you boot camp is Camelot.*

*So now you've had your Waterloo, Maggie.*
*As colleagues try to say adieu,*
*They cheer you with "Hear! Hear!"s,*
*They wish you many years—*
*All spent with people mean as you.*

*Calvin Trillin*

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# BEAT THE DEVIL.

## Major Swinger

John Major, Britain's new Prime Minister, is the son of trapeze artists, so at least he's a politician for whom the words "safety net" have real meaning. The question is, what sort of meaning? His parents had retired from the circus by the time John was born, in 1947. His father's little business in garden ornaments failed eleven years later, and the Majors moved from demure suburban comfort near Wimbledon to a two-room flat in Brixton, with a cat burglar as a neighbor. Years later, Major won praise from the left Laborite Ken Livingstone for his efforts as a local councilor in trying to get housing for poor people, particularly blacks.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, when young John would have been going to the circus with his mum and dad, safety nets were taken seriously. Before any aerial team made its appearance, wearisome minutes were consumed with ground staff cranking the net into place while the clowns did their best to hold the crowd. Sometimes for the finale the acrobat would make a dismissive motion of the hand and the M.C. would thunderously announce the fateful words " . . . without a net." As John's family headed home from the circus on such nights, did his parents angrily decry the "mollycoddling" inflicted on their art by postwar social democratic Britain, thus minting Thatcherism in the young lad's bosom? Or would his father gesture sadly at some relic of prenet times hobbling to view the winter training sessions on his crutches, and remark to his son, "Ey, lad, there's old Boldini, fell in the bad old days before Attlee's crowd made nets compulsory"?

The state circus I saw in Moscow in 1987 offered the *ne plus ultra* of the mollycoddle approach. A performer had only to clamber three or four feet up a ladder before ground staff clamped him into a protective harness. With perrystroker, such measures have no doubt been kicked aside as emblems of the past, and Muscovites will be watching high-wire performers plummet unimpeded to mother earth, victims of laws of gravity and hence of nature's triumph over history.

## Yen for Babylon

The day of Major's victory over his Conservative rivals the newspapers here announced the purchase by Matsushita of the entertainment conglomerate MCA, built up latterly by Lew Wasserman but originally by Jules Stein, in whose mansion in Los Angeles Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Murdoch now reside. Thus ends in a Japanese boardroom the saga commenced by Stein in the Lexington Hotel in Chicago, headquarters of Al Capone. I once met Stein and he recounted his visit in the early 1920s to Vienna at the time of hyperinflation, when people carted home their wages in wheelbarrows. He still had the notebooks, he said, in which he recorded the hourly changes in the value of the currency. He must have used shorthand to keep up.

Stein, with this youthful experience in Vienna, would no doubt have appreciated the grotesque boom in Japanese land values, plus the overvaluation of the yen, permitting the $6.13 billion takeover of MCA, appropriation of its huge filmic inventory as well as its status as the biggest real estate developer in the San Fernando Valley.

The implications of the takeover are momentous in ways that have eluded much comment. In *City of Quartz*, his brilliant new book on Los Angeles, Mike Davis has a chapter on power elites that concludes with this passage. Davis has been discussing the death or decrepitude of Ron Reagan's old kitchen cabinet, adorned by such cowboy entrepreneurs as Justin Dart and Holmes Tuttle, and goes on:

> Ironically the Reagan associate who remains politically most virile is his old agent, Lew Wasserman of MCA, now the Supreme Being of Democratic fundraising in Hollywood.
>
> Wasserman organizes the largest, nominally Democratic but anti-ideological camp of entertainment industry leaders. . . . When Wasserman nods in any candidate's direction they can trust that the rigorous bottom-line calculation has already been made. . . .
>
> But this entire constellation of power, old and new, revolves around historic Jewish and Democratic predominance in Hollywood—a fact that can no longer be taken for granted. Like Downtown, Hollywood has been put on a global auction block. It is the "software" center of a madly evolving, $150 billion world entertainment complex . . . vertically integrated monopolies for the millennium.
>
> The acquisition of Hollywood's dream machinery is a fitting capstone to Japanese capitalism's humbling of the United States in the age of Reagan and Bush. Although the ex-President, speaking in Tokyo, can praise the *zaibatsu* for bringing a new rectitude to Babylon, no one can predict the implications of foreign ownership for the future of political fundraising in the studios, or, for that matter, the industry's central role in national Jewish affairs. Like Downtown, Hollywood is becoming a colony of the world economy.

## Babylon's Bomb

While the Japanese were capturing America's imaginative heartland without a shot fired, the Bush government continued its hunt for world consensus on the propriety of using armed force against Iraq. The strategy has been clear enough: on the one hand, a new resolution in the U.N. Security Council, and on the other a domestic propaganda push pivoting on the one chink of opportunity offered Bush in the polls—high percentages of Americans concerned about the prospect of Saddam Hussein having the bomb.

Hardly had *The New York Times* published a poll two days before Thanksgiving indicating this concern than Bush and his Defense Secretary Cheney were hammering at the theme. Most of the press mentions down-column, if at all, the simple facts: Iraq was one of the earliest signatories to the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, has long had regular inspections by the International Atomic Energy Agency and recently requested another. Iraq could be cheating, though the kilos of enriched uranium it bought from the French which survived the Israeli raid of 1981 on the Osirak reactor have so far not been put to any unsanctioned use, according to the I.A.E.A. When Saddam last April called for the removal from the Middle East of all weapons of mass destruction—chemi-

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cal, biological and nuclear—both the United States and Israel dismissed the idea.

Bush keeps insisting that "aggression cannot be rewarded" and therefore that Saddam must get nothing, and be seen to get nothing even if he withdraws. When Secretary of State Baker visited Yemen and tried this line on the Foreign Minister, he was asked how come Turkey seized one-third of Cyprus in 1974 and has been rewarded since then by U.S. foreign aid disbursements amounting to $7.9 billion.

## Beneath a Peak in Darien

The Pentagon's handling of casualties in Panama has become a matter of fierce contention. From the moment they made Noriega's headquarters in the poor neighborhood of El Chorrillo the focus of their nighttime attack, the generals plotting Operation Just Cause knew that high civilian casualties could be expected—the same way as planners of a daytime, artillery-backed assault on the White House could expect many casualties among the office workers clustered in that area of Washington. There is evidence that within the Pentagon some were uneasy at this prospect, and thus the mindset for a cover-up was there even before the first shot was fired.

Following the blitz, the U.S. military cordoned off the area. Hospitals giving graphic accounts (to, among others, Gilma Camargo, quoted in this column on January 29) of wards and mortuaries overflowing had their records later removed or altered. A month or so after, when my colleague Rich McKerrow and I tried to establish whether any of the big photographic agencies had an inventory of news shots of the destruction in El Chorrillo, we found that there were virtually none, a great victory of self-censorship.

On January 11, U.S. Southern Command announced that 314 Panamanian soldiers and 202 civilians had been killed in the invasion. On January 29 this column suggested a possible death toll of more than 2,000 based on reports from people in Panama. On February 26 I published a statistical extrapolation from a CBS poll in which 10 percent of Panamanians said they had a relative or close friend killed. Assuming that each Panamanian has 100 relatives or close friends, this produced a death toll of 2,527.

The next substantive accounting came on March 15, in a report from the Boston-based Physicians for Human Rights. Three of the group's members had traveled to Panama in February and noted only about fifty Panamanian military deaths, which could suggest that the Pentagon inflated this figure to lower the civilian total. They also reported "more than 100 civilian deaths apparently not accounted for in official death lists" and found that "U.S. troops fired upon civilians who posed no threat." They estimated civilian deaths at around 300. Their final report will be out this month, and according to Professor Gregg Bloche, "the nuts and bolts, the number of dead" will be essentially the same.

In its report in May, Americas Watch essentially concurred with the physicians, averring that the Pentagon's figure was "lower than the real number" but saying that "the evidence available to us at this time does not support the possibility of hundreds or thousands of additional corpses." It was not persuaded that there had been a deliberate cover-up and took a shot at those (i.e., Ramsey Clark) who insisted on higher numbers which, it said, were open to challenge and made any lower total seem somehow respectable by comparison.

On September 30 came the *60 Minutes* segment narrated by Mike Wallace and produced by Charles Thompson. It was a powerful piece of reportage and the first by a major news outlet indicating that the casualty rate might have been in the thousands. *60 Minutes* highlighted the opinions of Isabel Corro, a Panamanian activist who formed the Committee of the Family Members of the Disappeared (her own father, a member of the Panamanian Defense Forces, was killed in the invasion; she had been persecuted earlier as a critic of Noriega) and who reckons that as many as 4,000 Panamanians may have been killed. In the segment Professor Bloche was filmed saying, "We came to the conclusion that there were many more killed and many more wounded than were presented in the official totals, and yet no one knows the answer to how many people could have been killed." Explaining his apparently differing estimates, Bloche emphasized to Rich McKerrow recently, "It's really wrong to see the P.H.R. numbers as supporting the low count. The crucial point that Uhlig missed is that P.H.R. is not saying that only 300 or so civilians were killed. We're just saying at least 100 more than the official figure, and we don't know about the thousands. There hasn't been a thorough investigation."

As Bloche's mention of Uhlig suggests, at least three newspapers asked their reporters to assess the official numbers in light of the *60 Minutes* program. In *The New York Times*, Mark Uhlig filed a report predictably pleasing to the U.S. government. Uhlig gratefully cited the estimates of the physicians and of Americas Watch as disqualifying the inferences of the *60 Minutes* report.

The *Los Angeles Times* published the findings of its reporter Kenneth Freed on October 27. Freed plumped for a death figure of somewhere between 500 and 600, and correctly criticized *60 Minutes* for failing to make clear that "casualties" in army usage means dead and wounded. But Freed's story was oddly laconic, with curious omissions, including the name of Corro and any evocation of the chaotic conditions during the invasion and widespread fear in its wake. The unpublished report of *The Washington Post*'s Lee Hockstader (sent by that newspaper's ombudsman, Richard Harwood, to a reader criticizing the newspaper's coverage) was better. It raised serious questions about the conduct of the U.S. troops ("evidence of careless or indiscriminate killing") and discussed the class action suit filed asking that the U.S. Army pay claims to relatives and victims. But in the end Hockstader, though citing Corro's assertions, felt safer with the line of "most human rights groups, including Americas Watch and Physicians for Human Rights."

This, for most Americans, is where the story ends. But not for some reporters here, and not for many Panamanians. I'll continue the story in my next column.

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# BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

## ■ An Attorney to Trust

Don Riegle, the illustrious chair of the Senate Banking Committee, sure knows how to pick 'em. First he struck too beautiful a friendship with Charles Keating. That won him a place before the Senate Ethics Committee investigating the Keating Five. Now, to help him out of the jam, he has turned to attorney Thomas Green, who certainly knows his way around scandal. On November 24, 1986, as the Iran/*contra* affair was unfolding, Green visited the Justice Department to chat with William Bradford Reynolds and Charles Cooper, who were helping Attorney General Edwin Meese "investigate" the matter. Green came in as a lawyer for Oliver North and Richard Secord. He told the Meese aides that the aim of the weapons sales was to develop a relationship with moderates and that the Iranians had made a financial contribution to the *contras* above the price of the arms. In other words, this was not an arms-for-hostages deal, and his clients did not overcharge the Iranians and divert the money. He also argued that if the diversion were made public, lives could be lost. What Green neglected to mention was his own special interest in the matter. This past September during the trial of Thomas Clines, the C.I.A. official-turned-weapons dealer who worked with Secord, independent counsel Lawrence Walsh produced records and testimony showing that in 1985 Green made $240,133 off the North-Secord Enterprise's first weapons deal to the *contras*. Green had earned his one-third share of the profits by introducing the Enterprise to an arms merchant in Canada.

The day after the meeting with Meese's aides, Green had hurried over to North's office, which was then being sealed off by National Security Council staff. At the time, Fawn Hall, North's secretary, was in a panic because she had not shredded or altered all of the incriminating documents. She stuffed the classified material into her clothes and, accompanied by North and Green, got past security. North and Green were both aware of what lay next to Hall's body, according to her Congressional testimony. Green, she said, even insisted that Hall not remove the contraband until they were safely in his car. The lawyer/arms-deal broker then asked Hall what she would say if asked about shredding. Hall said her answer would be "We shred every day." "Good," replied the attorney, who apparently had aided or abetted North and Hall's effort to steal classified papers and obstruct justice.

As Green argues the case for Riegle's integrity and judgment, members of the Ethics Committee ought to keep in mind that the Senator retained a counselor who is lucky he is still allowed to practice law.

## ■ Sorry, a Campaign Stop at Bitburg Is Out

Good news for Abe Rosenthal: A drive to Draft Pat Buchanan for President is sputtering. Last month, when a hundred or so young right-wingers gathered at a Washington hotel for a Conservative Leadership Conference, Robert Hoy thought the occasion was right for recruiting foot soldiers for his Republican Action for the 90s campaign to promote the pugilistic pundit for President. Hoy rented a suite in the hotel and passed around fliers announcing a reception. At the scheduled start of the festivities, Hoy was alone in the room. My colleague Danzy Senna dropped by and spoke with him. A white-haired, red-faced, disheveled fellow, Hoy fancies himself a Reagan Democrat. He confessed to her that he felt uncomfortable with the more traditional rightists milling about the booths set up downstairs by the Heritage Foundation, the Young Americans for Freedom and the John Birch Society. But libertarians, conservatives and Reagan Democrats, Hoy explained earnestly, could all be mobilized by a crusade for Buchanan, who has not authorized Hoy's activities on his behalf.

Soon three other Buchananites arrived, as did a Birch representative. The name of Hoy's small outfit sounded familiar to the Bircher. "You aren't the group that brought David Duke to Washington, are you?" he asked. Hoy and his comrades shifted uneasily and mumbled no. Indeed, Republican Action for the 90s had hosted the former Klansman on his recent trip to the capital. Although his literature speaks in pure Dukian terms—"Our organization champions and identifies with the white middle class"—Hoy must figure that his affection for Duke is now politically inconvenient. Of course, it's O.K. to practice Dukism-without-Duke. Just ask "intellectual" William Bennett, the new chair of the Republican Party. Bennett immediately signaled his intention to make "affirmative action" a key political issue (read: exploit racism)—precisely what Duke has done in his campaigns. Hoy, Duke and Bennett are all bedfellows, no matter what they may say when the lights come up.

## ■ Two Stabs in the Back

Here's some advice for Robert Hoy: Sign up Gary Bauer. Bauer was, like Buchanan, an excitable conservative ideologue in the Reagan White House. He served in the post of director of policy development. Bauer, who now heads his own group called the Family Research Council, is distraught over the passivity displayed by President Bush in confronting a menace to society. As he describes it:

> Politicians continue to cower when confronted by this noisy, threatening [gay rights] movement. Most disturbing was the Bush administration's recent decision to invite homosexual leaders to the Rose Garden—not once, but twice—for bill signing ceremonies. No other president has given that movement such legitimacy. Homosexual newspapers around the country hailed the White House for this breakthrough. Meanwhile, traditional voters are left wondering whether they are being taken for granted by an administration that won with their votes. I, for one, am outraged by this breach of faith.

This frothing was contained in a recent mailing Bauer sent to potential contributors. Like Hoy, he hopes to capitalize on hatred (a practice with which Buchanan is not unfamiliar). What a political romance Bauer and Hoy could enjoy—with or without Buchanan as lubricant.

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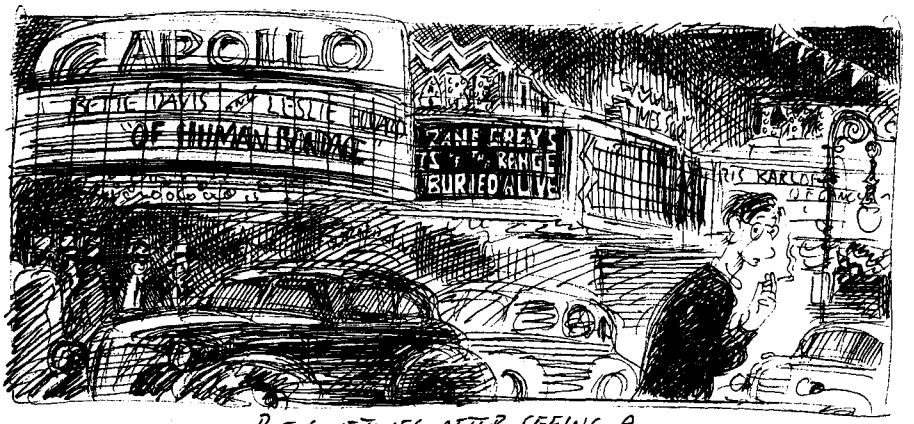
# Dereliction of Duty

EDWARD SOREL

WHEN I WAS YOUNG I'D WALK THE CITY STREETS FOR HOURS DREAMING ABOUT WHAT I WOULD DO WITH MY LIFE...

... I LIKED TO IMAGINE MYSELF AS THE REAUST PAINTER WHO RESCUED AMERICA FROM ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM...

...OR THE UNION ORGANIZER WHO FINALLY BROUGHT SAFE CONDITIONS TO THE WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINES.




BUT SOMETIMES AFTER SEEING A DOUBLE FEATURE ON 42ND STREET, I'D WONDER IF I COULD BE A SCREENWRITER - IF I COULD BE THE ONE TO RETURN AMERICAN MOVIES TO THEIR FORMER GLORY.

OTHER TIMES I'D IMAGINE MYSELF AS A MERCHANT SEAMAN WHO SECRETLY WRITES POETRY - POEMS THAT DEFINE THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

I'D EVEN SEE MYSELF AS A CHARISMATIC POLITICAL LEADER - A SPOKESMAN FOR THE AMERICAN UNDERCLASS.

WHAT I ACTUALLY DID WAS GET MARRIED, HAVE CHILDREN, AND MAKE MONEY ANY WAY I COULD. I DON'T HAVE MANY REGRETS...

...BUT SOMETIMES I FEEL I'VE LET MY COUNTRY DOWN.

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# ARTICLES.

SAUDI DISSENT

# Rumblings Under The Throne

JUDITH CAESAR

When, on November 6, about fifty Saudi women staged what U.S. reporters called a "drive-in"—driving their cars in defiance of a Saudi law that prohibits women from obtaining licenses—far more was going on than a feminist protest. However, few U.S. journalists in Saudi Arabia realized this because they interpreted the event in an American cultural context. Indeed, most of the American reporting has been shallow because so few correspondents know the history and culture of Saudi Arabia; more important, they also know little about the continuing power struggle beneath Saudi Arabia's deceptively calm surface. Thus they have missed signs of the growing dissent from both liberals and conservatives that may eventually topple the Saudi regime.

The women who took part in the drive-in were not ordinary Saudi housewives but the wives and daughters of prominent government officials from important Saudi clans. In addition to known liberals like academics Fawzia al Bakr and Aisha al Mani, the group reportedly included women from the conservative religious families al Sheikh and al Garbou'. The men of these two families hold high-level posts in, respectively, the Ministry of Interior and the Mutawaeen (morality police), institutions charged with maintaining public conformity to Islamic tradition. Even within those families, some privately disagree with public policy.

Saudi women cannot act without the support of the men in their families. Quite simply, if they did not have broad-minded fathers, they would not have been educated and exposed to controversial ideas in the first place. In addition, any unconventional public act not only reflects upon the entire family but can cause that family lasting disgrace. Women in "controversial" professions—writers and journalists who risk scandal by discussing women's issues, doctors who work unveiled among men—must by law have their family's consent.

Private belief is one thing; public behavior is something very different. If fifty of Saudi Arabia's most prominent families have decided to make their private dissatisfaction public by endorsing the drive-in, they obviously have very serious reasons for it. The American press has suggested that these women were emboldened to assert their right to drive cars by the example of American women soldiers and the presence of American reporters. But women's driving has been discussed in Saudi Arabia for at least the past ten years. All the women I talked to agreed that there was no valid religious argument against it. Indeed, by forcing many women to use chauffeurs, the current law violates the Islamic prohibition against a woman being alone with a man who is not her husband. As one Saudi woman in contact with the protesters told me, "It isn't just about driving. It is about everything." Her husband then added, "It's about one family ruling a whole country, deciding what's right and what's wrong."

The regime's treatment of the protesters reveals its need to retain liberal support. Previously, dissent had been harshly punished. In 1982, when Fawzia al Bakr was a journalist writing for *Al Jazeera*, she was imprisoned for four months simply for filing a story, never printed, that was critical of the regime's policy toward women. After she was released she told me the prisons were full of women who had done nothing except "speak their minds to the wrong person." A male student told me of Saudi classmates who had spoken out against the regime and subsequently "disappeared," a charge reiterated by many others. In 1989 Amnesty International noted that "suspected political opponents of the government were reportedly arrested and held in untried detention," with the whereabouts of some unknown. Yet little happened to the drive-in protesters. At first they were simply assembled in a conference room, given a stern religious lecture and sent home. Later their passports were revoked, and those who worked were reportedly dismissed from their jobs. But they were not imprisoned. Some conciliation and realignment of factions is obviously taking place under the surface.

American diplomats and journalists have serious misconceptions about Saudi liberals. They are not a tiny minority in a backward country, since university education is widespread. In 1985 80,000 Saudis were enrolled in local universities, with another 20,000 doing graduate work in the United States, four times as many as in 1975. Since the entire population of native-born Saudis is only about 8 million (precise figures are not available), educated Saudis are a significant force. Also, many Americans believe that what educated Saudis say publicly reveals their actual political beliefs, but most Saudis express dissenting political opinions only to their most trusted friends, since criticizing the government could endanger both their own and their family's lives. Finally, Americans assume that American-educated and socially liberal Saudis must necessarily be pro-American, when in actuality many are strongly anti-American, and for very good reasons. For one thing, they know from direct experience how much Americans hate Arabs. At the very least, they've seen for themselves the vicious stereotypes of Arabs and slanderous misinformation about Arab society and history spread by the American news media. Said one woman, a professor who had lived in the United States, "Every time I turned on the TV, opened a newspaper or even read a cur-

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rent novel, I felt like America was spitting in my face."

More important, Saudis educated in the West know the well-documented history of the American involvement in suppressing dissent in Saudi Arabia. In 1956, when Aramco was an American company, Saudi oil workers struck for better conditions and job security. Instead of negotiating with the strikers Aramco appealed to the Saudi government for help. According to Mordechai Abir's *Saudi Arabia in the Oil Era*, a book based largely on doctoral dissertations written by Saudis studying abroad, the Saudi forces attacked the strikers and tortured and executed the strike leaders. In *Saudi Arabia Today*, Peter Hobday notes that in the early 1970s the Saudi secret service "was entrusted to an American security firm, Interset, which included in its higher management . . . retired CIA men, army generals, and former American cabinet members." Most recently, again according to Abir, American and French companies installed a computer system "connecting the security services in the capital with terminals in all airports, seaports, and other major towns and provinces. . . . The ministry is now able to supervise the millions of foreign residents in the kingdom and the Saudi citizens." One Saudi professor who encountered this historical material while studying in the United States told me, "It was devastating to realize that the same country that was so patronizingly informing me about the rights of man was busily making sure that I could never put any of those ideas into effect when I went home."

Many Saudi liberals see the current deployment of American troops in their country as a continuation of America's support for despotic regimes throughout the Middle East and indeed as part of a cultural and racial war against Arabs. In a letter to me one teacher wrote, "They [the Americans] have used the very real tragedy of the Kuwaitis as a way to wage war against the Arab people. They have occupied our country and from it they want to launch an attack that will destroy the people of Saudi Arabia and Iraq."

Those feelings are echoed by the religious right. "If Iraq has occupied Kuwait, America has occupied Saudi Arabia. The real enemy is not Iraq. It is the West," says Safar al Hawali, dean of Islamic studies at Umm al-Qura University in Mecca, whose speeches denouncing the American deployment are now circulating on cassette tapes throughout Saudi Arabia. The statement just quoted was recorded during a sermon at the Grand Mosque in Mecca. Hawali is one of the primary spokesmen for the Wahabi sect of Islam, to which the Saud family adheres and from which the family receives much of its power and legitimacy. When Abdulaziz ibn Saud overthrew the ruling provincial families and annexed the Hejaz, the site of Mecca and Medina, in the early twentieth century, he justified the war against fellow Muslims by claiming to be spreading the true Islam of Wahabism among those whose Islamic beliefs had become distorted. Thus, criticism from Hawali calls the religious legitimacy of the Saudi regime into question.

The basis for Hawali's argument is not only religious but political, and he frequently draws on Western sources for support. In one taped speech, he quotes an article in *Foreign Affairs*, which he says discusses the possibility of sending American troops to the Persian Gulf. Although Hawali does not cite the article more specifically, he is apparently referring to Christopher Van Hollen's "Don't Engulf the Gulf," published in the summer of 1981. Van Hollen warns that close contact with the gulf states could undermine their regimes, and he does not recommend deploying U.S. ground forces. From this, Hawali argues that the United States knew it needed a pretext to pour troops into the region. Further, he asserts that the United States assured Iraq that it would condone an invasion of Kuwait (here Hawali cites *The Wall Street Journal*, apparently extrapolating from a column by Alexander Cockburn) and then used the invasion as an excuse to send troops to Saudi Arabia.

Hawali sees American policy as a direct continuation of the West's determination to control the Middle East politically and destroy its culture. He quotes the Prophet Mohammed: "Rome will attack you in many forms." The Crusaders, the European colonial powers and now America represent "Rome," he says, adding, "George Bush says that the crisis is a matter of the world against Iraq. It is not. It is the West against Islam."

Finally, he accuses of blasphemy all those who have accepted the deployment. "When the mujahedeen drove the Russians from Afghanistan, you did not say, 'God helped them.' You said, 'America helped them.' Now, when we are threatened by war, you do not say, 'God will protect us.' You say, 'America will protect us.' America has become your God."

Hawali's tape is not the only one circulating. Sheik Shams al-Din al Fasi, leader of the Sufi sect in Saudi Arabia, has made a videotape denouncing the American deployment, as has the Kuwaiti academic Tarik al Suwadain. Suwadain asserts that Americans have been indoctrinated with such

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misinformation about Islam that they see Islam and its followers as evil; he adds that America's "Rambo mentality" makes Americans see the killing of Muslims as meritorious. Thus Muslims should be protected from Americans, not by them. (An English version of the Suwadain tape is being distributed through mosques and Islamic community centers in the United States.)

Significantly, the religious conservatives and the liberal nationalists, whom the Saudi regime has successfully played off against each other for the past forty years, are united against the American deployment. The underground network that previously distributed tapes of banned secular poets like Ahmed Mattar and Muthafar Nawab is now circulating those of Hawali and other dissident clerics. Further, a group of dissident Saudi students in the United States who have been faxing American press reports back to their own country are now sending material to Hawali as well as to the liberals.

The dissent is growing from both right and left. Last month, following a conference of Kuwaiti exiles [see Virginia N. Sherry, "What the Democratic Forces Want," November 5], Saudi dissidents staged a small antiregime demonstration in Jidda that was almost immediately dispersed by police. Since the drive-in, there reportedly have been many other antiregime protests in Riyadh and Jidda. One Saudi student said, "If our women can be so brave, how could we respect ourselves if we didn't join with them in protest?" Most recently, on November 14 a Saudi pilot flew his F-15 to Sudan, where he requested sanctuary and declared his opposition to fighting against Iraq, according to an Arabic-language Voice of America report.

In response, the government is trying to divide the dissident forces. It is now using women's driving, an internal issue that conservatives oppose and liberals support, to foster division between the two groups. To this end, the regime has apparently encouraged the official clergy to denounce the protesters. So far, the ploy seems to be failing. Although Sheik Abdel Aziz ibn Baaz, the Grand Mufti of Saudi Arabia, has called the drive-in protesters immoral women and their fathers and husbands "secular Americans," Hawali and his followers have remained silent. And the liberals have responded to these attacks with more anger toward the regime than toward their fundamentalist allies.

The royal family is now split into at least two camps: Crown Prince Abdullah, the head of the National Guard, known for his religious fundamentalist and pan-Arabist beliefs, apparently wants to conciliate the fundamentalists—hence the fact that the dissident clerics have merely been dismissed from their posts. Clearly, his faction feels that to imprison these dissidents could provoke public outrage. The other faction, headed by Defense Minister Prince Sultan, whose son Bandar is Ambassador to the United States, hopes for an immediate attack on Iraq so that all Saudis will have a common external enemy. Presumably, the opposition could then be suppressed after the war.

Yet King Fahd has actually made very little response to the dissent so far. The most he has done is to revive the idea of a *majlis al shura* (consultative council), an appointed governing body. Said one Saudi intellectual, "The King promised us that thirty years ago. Times have changed. Why should we settle for anything short of a real democracy?" □

*CARDENISMO* IN MEXICO

# A New Politics With Deep Roots

PACO IGNACIO TAIBO II

*Mexico City*

On November 11, in the midst of opposition protests, the state of Mexico held its long-awaited local elections. The ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) had bombarded the area for months beforehand in support of official candidates, offering new roads and dairies, giving free medical consultations, building schools and handing out cash. The first complaints came a couple of days before the vote: The electoral rolls had been tampered with in order to disfranchise both individual voters and large blocks of citizens in zones where the PRI had been on the losing side in the 1988 presidential elections. Then, on Election Day, came the full weight of the fraud: flying squads from the official party going from one polling station to another and voting repeatedly, the eviction of opposition representatives from polling stations in the early hours of the vote, stolen ballot boxes, trusted PRI voters with more than five sets of credentials apiece, journalists beaten up by goons . . .

A week later, as the protests continued, the official results were announced. The PRI had taken all the local congressional seats and 95 percent of the mayoralties. Among the more curious data, one mayoralty was offered to the opposition Democratic Revolutionary Party (P.R.D.) in a locality where it had failed to field a candidate; elsewhere, a PRI member was declared the winner in a municipality where there were more votes tallied than registered voters—and this despite an abstention rate of more than 60 percent.

The P.R.D. has demanded the annulment of all the election results and called for popular mobilization. It is a long road that will end only with the presidential elections of 1994, and the key figure in this protracted struggle is Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas. He is not a charismatic leader. He reads his speeches in a halting voice, almost tonelessly. He nags away obstinately at his arguments. He is a much better listener than speaker. He listens to others with a look of deep concentration, motionless, as if half asleep. Once in a while he will nod, showing that he is still in the land of the living. In an imaginative turn of phrase, somebody once called him "the new statue of Tlaloc," referring to the enor-

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mous stone god that graces the entrance of the National Museum of Anthropology.

Cárdenas, a 56-year-old engineer, is the political offspring of the system and son of one of its founding fathers, *el Tata Lázaro.** The son is, both willingly and unwillingly, the center of a new political phenomenon in Mexican history that is named, in his honor, *cardenismo.*

Cárdenas emerged as a dissident candidate in the 1988 presidential campaign. He was endorsed by a small group of democratically inclined former members of the ruling PRI, and by a coalition of smaller parties such as the Authentic Party of the Mexican Revolution (PARM) and the Popular Socialist Party (P.P.S.), which in previous elections had played the strictly limited role of supporting players to the state apparatus in return for a few crumbs thrown in their direction. Betting on Cárdenas in 1988 was a bit like betting on a mule in the Kentucky Derby. However, as the days passed and Cárdenas made increasing contact with the people, it became apparent that we were witnessing the birth of a new political magic. The Democratic Current that gave rise to *cardenismo* attracted a group of old-left activists with organizational skills; the Movement Toward Socialism sprang up as a support body of the student new left; moribund old liberal groups came to life again and lent their weight to the Cárdenas project.

But much more important than this growing political following was the startling response from villages on the campaign trail. My friend the Argentine journalist Miguel Bonasso described the reception that Cárdenas received—in the Nahuatl language—from one old village wise woman (*bruja*) in the state of Morelos. "Señor Cuauhtémoc, we've been waiting a long time for you . . ." It's enough to send a shiver down your spine. The remark is full of pre-Hispanic echoes. The original Cuauhtémoc, the last Aztec *caudillo* to resist the invading hordes of Cortés, has not vanished into the mists of history.

In the state of Guerrero, an old peasant supporter of Emiliano Zapata told me that ex-President Cárdenas was back (no doubt mixing up the son with the father, who has been dead for twenty years). He then hurled himself at the little Volkswagen in which Cuauhtémoc was riding to shake his hand, shouting, "Let's go! Cárdenas and Zapata together again!"

The myths of history are on the attack. Cárdenas and Zapata, who were never together in life, were always side by side in the hagiography of the poor because they fought for the land and nationalized Mexico's oil. Now they have returned in a different incarnation.

Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, this strange, silent man, has managed to unite a surprising number of factors with his presence, ranging from Mexico's urgent need to modernize to the restoration of its national myths. He has aroused the fury of middle-class citizens against government corruption and has found the connection between this and the ancient myths of land tenure and the ownership of petroleum that lie at the heart of the Mexican revolution; he has summoned up dozens of ghosts from the past and linked them to the anxieties that have been stirred by the economic crisis of the past decade. In Cárdenas, a yearning for the primitive democracy of Pancho Villa or Emiliano Zapata has found common cause with the demand for computers able to tally votes without fraud.

A couple of years ago, when the movement began, a political scientist whose roots are in the old left complained about the ambiguities in Cárdenas's program. I enjoyed telling him that this was in fact Cárdenas's greatest virtue, that each one of us could find in him whatever he or she wanted. My list of grievances and those of a peasant from Veracruz might have only a few points in common, but both of us felt ourselves to be *cardenistas.* The campesino's wish list would include the breakup of large estates, support for agriculture in the form of a regular supply of seed, real municipal democracy and independence from the state authorities. Mine would cover nationalization of the private TV monopoly and an end to lying as the dominant mode of information, control of our major urban police forces, restoring to Mexican city dwellers the right to walk the streets at night in safety, a definitive end to censorship. Yet each of us felt that *cardenismo* expressed our respective complaints, our letters to Santa Claus, our innermost rages.

This is the only way to explain Cárdenas's victory in the last presidential election and the tremendous protest that followed the fraud that denied him his rightful triumph. And it is the only way of explaining the surprise that rippled through the ranks of his supporters when they learned the results: It was the self-discovery of the majority.

The virtue of *cardenismo* is that it represents so many things at the same time. It cannot be one alone. Each time it tries to be, it fails; each time it simply lets events take their course and then gives its support, it triumphs.

In a summary of the many faces of actually existing *cardenismo,* let's start with the most obvious, which is its public,

* Lázaro Cárdenas, President of Mexico from 1934 to 1940.

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political face. The P.R.D. is the organ of political *cardenismo*. It is a hodgepodge of dissident voices that covers a broad range from the liberal center and the social democratic center-left to the traditional bureaucratic left, and even the radical left of the barrios and the student movement. Its symbol, a sun with red and green rays, appears ever more frequently on the walls of buildings. In the past two years the P.R.D. has won four Senate seats and more than fifty federal deputies' seats. It has sent more than a hundred deputies to local congresses and taken many other municipal presidencies, and it has won elections that it subsequently lost thanks to the machinery of fraud that still survives. The party is a bundle of apparently irreconcilable contradictions, a forum for unending debates and competing internal tendencies, a tailor's work basket where there is room for everything.

The party has been growing slowly, but its size still does not reflect the enormous social base that gives the Cárdenas project such prospects of success in the long term. Social *cardenismo* is a political enigma, expressed in the most unusual forms: a demonstration by health workers, for example, its ranks filling the Paseo de la Reforma in downtown Mexico City. The shouted slogans have to do with wage demands and the removal of the yellow union leaders known as *charros*, when suddenly there comes a single timid cry that is soon taken up and chanted by the whole crowd: "Cuauhtémoc, Cuauhtémoc!"

Social *cardenismo* crops up in a multitude of conflicts—teachers' struggles, student movements, peasant marches, workers' strikes. It suggests the permanent, subterranean connections between the protests of different social sectors for their own particular reasons and the general political and electoral desire for change.

In the case of labor, where the appearance of monolithic unity of the old gangster-style official unions is occasionally shaken by furious strikes and bitter conflicts, it is hard to measure the strength of the reserve armies that *cardenismo* may be creating on the basis of the widespread resentment that exists among the working class. But the recent labor struggles at the Tornel tire factory, the Tamsa metalworking plant, the Modelo brewery and the Ford motor works may be signs of the times.

There is yet another form of support for Cárdenas that is almost as interesting. One could call this *cardenismo* in disguise. In the street market that is held outside my house every Tuesday, the vendors have been forced to buy and wear T-shirts bearing the initials of the National Confederation of Popular Organizations (C.N.O.P.), a branch of the PRI, if they want to keep their operating permit. They're living billboards. But when you go up to them and ask if they are really PRI supporters, they will raise the T-shirt to show you their bellybutton and tell you in a whisper, "I vote for Cuauhtémoc."

This underground *cardenismo* proliferates among those who are obliged to show public support for the official party—gardeners in the public parks, street vendors, state bureaucrats—all of them suffering the scourge of the economic crisis, earning wages that have lost more than half their real purchasing power over the past decade. They are enraged at the government-boss that abuses them in the economic sphere but still expects to use them as foot soldiers in the political arena.

In a country where Kafka would have been a gossip columnist, other exotic and folkloric forms of *cardenismo* appear and disappear from public view. There were the folks who set off for the pyramid of Teotihuacán in an indigenous ceremony, playing *chirimía* flutes and conch shells to celebrate the coming of the fifth sun (go ask someone else what *that* was all about); or the teenagers from the slums who gathered in the Nezahualcóyotl neighborhood to hear a rock concert sponsored by the P.R.D. under the slogan, "No more police raids against kids."

Equally important—or perhaps more so—is the rise of a significant pro-Cárdenas force in the culture, media and entertainment world. This has put a scare into the government, which has been forced to respond with a flood of sinecures and favors in an effort to rebuild its social base in the media, using as its figureheads writers like the poet and essayist Octavio Paz and Héctor Aguilar Camín, editor of the magazine *Nexos*. An important group of writers, novelists and poets was on show at the most recent Cárdenas demonstrations. Some ran in the internal elections at the last P.R.D. congress while others made a public declaration of their party membership. Mexico's most important political analysts—such figures as Jorge Castañeda, Adolfo Aguilar Zinser and Lorenzo Meyer—are not party members but have appeared at Cárdenas rallies. There is also a surprising degree of support in the movie industry, which has been hard hit by censorship and repression. Most movie directors of the past two generations have declared their support for Cárdenas, as have a significant number of actors. And that isn't all: *Cardenismo* also embraces a good number of cartoonists and graphic artists, an impressive group of young journalists (most of whom work for official or conservative papers), several rock bands and some well-known painters.

So, after its first three years of life, what is the outlook for this diverse and chaotic movement? It's impossible to hazard a guess. Mexico is a country in which surprises are an everyday occurrence. However, what can be said safely is that both the P.R.D. and the social movement that is its lifeblood will very soon have to face a test of fire—at least in

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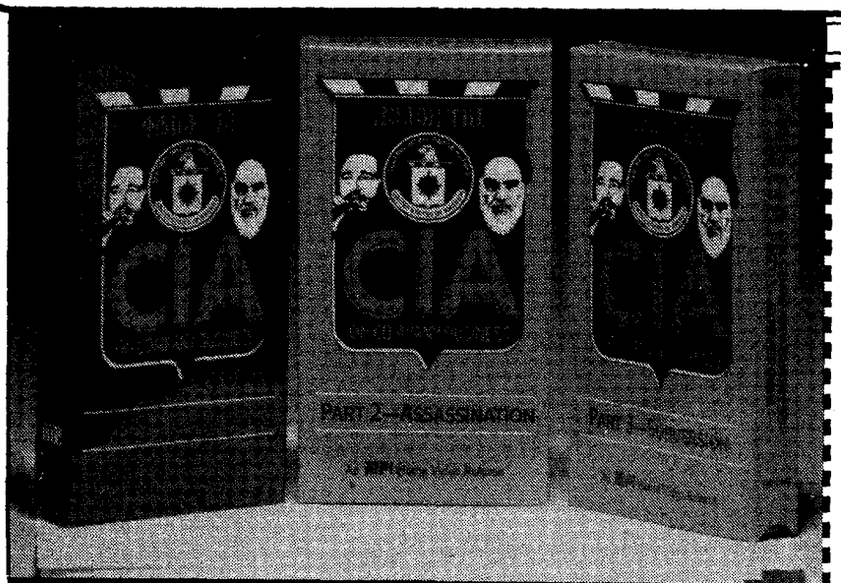


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the electoral sphere. The November elections in the state of Mexico will shortly be followed by elections in the state of Guanajuato, where the P.R.D. is fielding one of its top leaders, the former PRI minister and present Senator Porfirio Muñoz Ledo. And then of course there are the 1991 midterm elections for the Chamber of Deputies and half the Senate.

Those chanting teachers, those dissident actors and writers, the vendor who raises his T-shirt to show that the enemy's initials are not tattooed on his belly, the peasant in search of a myth, the desperate citizens of the middle class—is it too much to hope that together they could point the way to a center-left politics that may yet bury the oldest dictatorship on the planet? □

ALAS, KASTENMEIER

# A Non-rascal Thrown Out

DAVID CORN

After all the fuss, not much changed. That was the conventional wisdom pundits tossed about after election returns showed the power of incumbency was still greater than any anger on the part of the voting masses. Only 4 percent of the 406 members of the House of Representatives who ran for re-election were told by their constituents to hang it up. But one of them was Wisconsin Democrat Bob Kastenmeier, and his absence will mean plenty of change.

Kastenmeier lost to a Republican television news anchor named Scott Klug, who campaigned on the theme that Kastenmeier's thirty-two years in the House were enough. Klug asked all who agreed to send him $32, and an additional $12 if they supported his proposal for a twelve-year term limit for members of Congress. The Kastenmeier campaign was no juggernaut. His campaign managers dismissed Klug's "time for a change" campaign as no serious threat, and they turned off the get-out-the-vote phone bank.

It is ironic that Kastenmeier fell victim to Congress-baiting, because he is one of the most unrascally members of the whole bunch. He was also a liberal fixture in Congress, where he fought for the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1968, led opposition to the Vietnam War and over three decades consistently worked to derail the arms race.

Kastenmeier didn't adhere to finger-in-the-wind politics. His liberal voting record may have played well in the traditionally progressive city of Madison but probably was less well received in the outlying Republican counties of his district. But he didn't cut his votes down the middle. During last year's silly debate on the proposed constitutional amendment to prohibit flag burning, a staff aide asked Kastenmeier about the public opinion polls in his district on this subject. That didn't matter, Kastenmeier replied; the measure was wrong, and he was against it. This past October he was one of twenty-nine members who dared vote against a resolution that backed President Bush's deployment of ground troops in the Persian Gulf.

Kastenmeier was used to being on the short end of the vote. That same month he was the only member of the House Intelligence Committee to vote for legislation requiring the President, except in times of emergency, to notify the House and Senate intelligence committees before any covert action is initiated. The House rejected that amendment 341 to 70. Earlier this year, Kastenmeier joined twenty-eight other Representatives on a visit to Panama in the wake of the U.S. invasion. At a press conference at the end of the trip, one reporter asked whether any of them thought the action was a bad idea. Only three raised their hands: Don Edwards, Ron Dellums and Kastenmeier.

There are a number of members—not many, but some—who have voting records as staunchly liberal as Kastenmeier's. What truly distinguishes him is the manner in which he has chaired the Subcommittee on Courts, Intellectual Property and the Administration of Justice of the Judiciary Committee. This is not a subcommittee that attends to flashy issues. Its jurisdiction covers copyright, trademarks, patents, federal courts and prisons. Nevertheless, Kastenmeier was the envy of his peers because this panel is known on Capitol Hill as a "money subcommittee." That means it oversees matters of intense interest to a number of well-heeled industries—such as the pharmaceutical, chemical and entertainment businesses. Subcommittee members thus have a large pool of ready and willing campaign contributors.

You can tell a lot about a member of Congress by his or her campaign finance reports. Take Representative Carlos Moorhead. For eight years, he has been the ranking Republican member of Kastenmeier's subcommittee. He started the 1990 election year with $720,386 reposing in his campaign coffers earning interest. Much of this money originated with political action committees that have business before the subcommittee and the House Energy and Commerce Committee, another money committee on which Moorhead sits. His campaign receipt reports are a who's who of corporate America: Hoffmann-La Roche, G.T.E., Exxon, Citicorp, Philip Morris, Gulf + Western, the Motion Picture Association of America and more than 200 others. It's not that Moorhead really needs all that cash for his campaign. He hasn't faced a serious challenge in years. After months of fundraising and campaigning this year, as of October 17 (the last date for which information is available) Moorhead still had more than $740,000 in his political piggy bank. If he retires from the House before 1992, he can keep it all.

After his twenty-one years of chairing a money subcommittee, Kastenmeier could have been equally well off, but he isn't. In mid-October his campaign fund held only $36,240. Kastenmeier's general practice has been to refuse PAC contributions from companies with business before his subcommittee. If other members did that, PACs would have to close up shop.

Kastenmeier did not milk the subcommittee, nor did he

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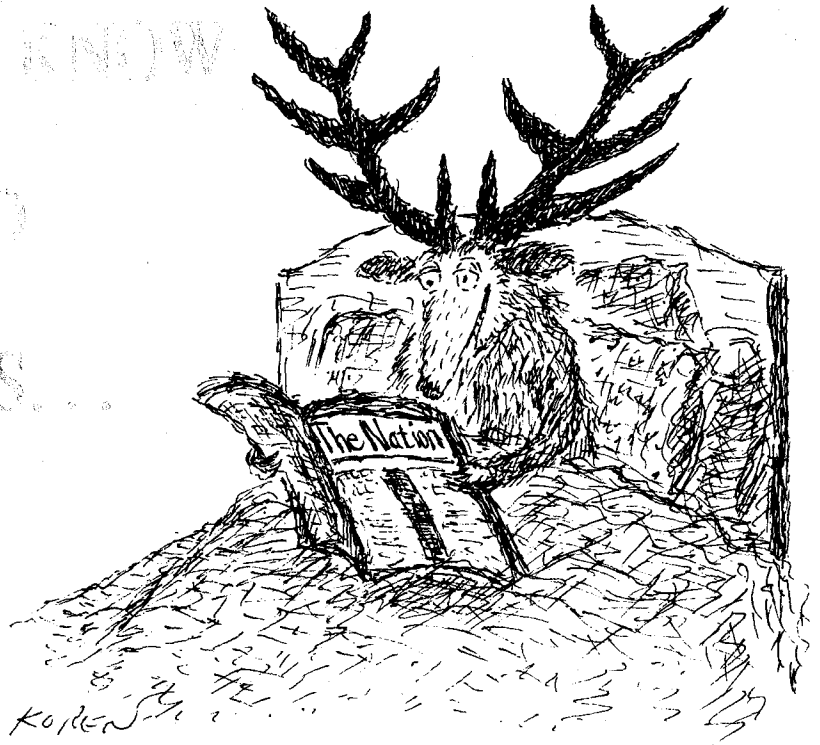


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run it to score political points. He chaired it to promote a set of principles. He has been stingy in granting extensions on patents. A number of private patent bills sought by drug companies and others died in his subcommittee. During the feverish days of the War on Drugs, he investigated poor conditions in federal prisons. His most recent priority was a measure he wanted attached to this year's crime bill to guarantee qualified counsel to anyone facing the death penalty. Instead the House passed a provision that further restricted the right of those on death row to appeal their sentences. During the House-Senate negotiations, Kastenmeier insisted that the crime bill, which expanded the use of the death penalty, give better protection to the right to appeal and that it retain a House-passed provision that would allow defendants to challenge a death sentence by using statistics to show that its imposition in their state was racially discriminatory. In part because of his labors, the House and Senate conferees could not agree, so a crime bill stripped of the death penalty provisions was passed—something of a moral victory for Kastenmeier.

Kastenmeier also worked hard on a less emotional issue: copyright law. In 1976, he ushered through Congress a reworking of the copyright law that stressed the principle that proprietary interests must be balanced by the public interest. This year he pushed for a "fair use" measure, which aimed to counter recent court decisions inhibiting journalists and historians from quoting from unpublished works such as letters and diaries. These decisions have literally threatened the writing of history, granting certain people—some of them government officials and prominent individuals—greater control over documents of historical import, as well as over material relevant to policy debates of the present. Kastenmeier introduced a much-needed bill that would allow the same fair use of these materials as is now permissible with published works, and Senator Paul Simon did likewise in the Senate. But there the bill stalled when the computer industry, worried that the legislation might adversely affect the software trade, opposed it and, according to House staff aides, convinced Senator Orrin Hatch, the ranking Republican on the Subcommittee on Patents, Copyrights and Trademarks, to block the measure. Negotiations ensued, but no suitable substitute was produced by the end of the session. A fair use bill was at the top of Kastenmeier's list for the next Congress, which, Kastenmeier said before his defeat, was to be his last.

It's not yet clear what will happen to the Kastenmeier subcommittee. "Everybody's grabbing for it," says Representative Edwards, chair of the Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights. The only other money subcommittee under the Judiciary Committee is the Subcommittee on Economic and Commercial Law, which happens to be headed by Jack Brooks, chair of the Judiciary Committee. Brooks has the power to break up the jurisdiction of the Kastenmeier subcommittee and snatch a piece of it for his subcommittee, though a good committee chair usually spreads the wealth around. If Brooks keeps the subcommittee intact, those who might end up as chair include Mike Synar, William Hughes and Romano Mazzoli, who in 1989 was removed as chair of the immigration subcommittee by his fellow Democrats in retaliation for his pro-Reagan voting record. Whoever wins the subcommittee should follow Kastenmeier's lead by keeping drug companies and other big businesses at bay, tackling unpopular issues such as prison conditions and, as soon as Congress convenes, reintroducing the Kastenmeier-Simon fair use bill.

Kastenmeier was not known for his ability to make headlines. He didn't seem to care much about all that. "Bob was the type who did his job and assumed that the word got back to his district," says one House member. "I guess he had to do a little more." And some House staff aides dismissed Kastenmeier's defeat with the scornful explanation that he did not tend enough to his district's concerns. Perhaps he neglected the necessities of P.R. and district stroking. But given the powerful temptations that abound on Capitol Hill—to be politically expedient, to cash in on influence, to find cover in pack politics, to look for the easy, splashy issues—the wonder is not that Kastenmeier was beaten but that he survived and thrived in the House for as long as he did. □

THE CODEX CONNECTION

# Big Business Hijacks GATT

DAPHNE WYSHAM

Behind closed doors in Brussels, top trade representatives from 100 nations are working out the final wording on a revised General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade that will undercut existing U.S. regulations set up to protect consumers, workers and the environment. While GATT's proponents say the agreement is needed to erase existing barriers to free trade that hinder the international economy, the drastic deregulatory steps they are pushing will have much more invidious effects. Under GATT an obscure panel of scientists based in Rome called Codex Alimentarius will be empowered to review existing environmental, health and safety standards in all the signatory nations, with the goal of "harmonizing" regulations according to Codex's application of "sound science." Regulations deemed too stringent would be cited as unfair trade practices subject to heavy penalty.

Under Codex's working definition of sound science, for example, such longtime federal protections as the Delaney Clause—a 1958 amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act that sets a zero tolerance level for cancer-causing additives to food—would be replaced in favor of a more flexible "risk assessment" approach [see Nancy Watzman, "Taking the Worry Out of Food," December 10]. Residues of DDT

*Daphne Wysham is an associate of the Center for Investigative Reporting in San Francisco. Research for this article was funded in part by a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

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on fruits and vegetables would be permitted under Codex standards at levels up to fifty times the current federal standard. Altogether, 42 percent of Codex's standards for pesticide residues are less stringent than those of the current Environmental Protection Agency and Food and Drug Administration (F.D.A.). Minnesota and Wisconsin would probably be forced to lift their moratoriums on the use of bovine growth hormone, a dairy hormone whose possible adverse health effects may include endocrine disorders such as dwarfism or allergenic responses such as suffocation in humans and degenerative diseases in cows.

Even more troublesome to many activists, Codex would likely overturn the international standard governing the marketing of infant formula. This standard was adopted by the World Health Organization (W.H.O.) in 1981 after charges that Nestlé Corporation's campaign to convince Third World women to substitute infant formula for breast milk may have resulted in increased infant disease and death.

In addition, the threat to environmentally sound farming and industry practices is a serious one. Under GATT, sustainable agriculture programs in states like Texas could be reduced if another country complained of "unfair competitive advantages"; local and state antitoxics initiatives or bans on nonrecyclable containers could be overruled for the same reason. The ban on raw log exports in the Pacific Northwest and in other parts of the world, implemented to protect old-growth forests as well as local jobs, would likely be viewed as "protectionist" and could be overturned.

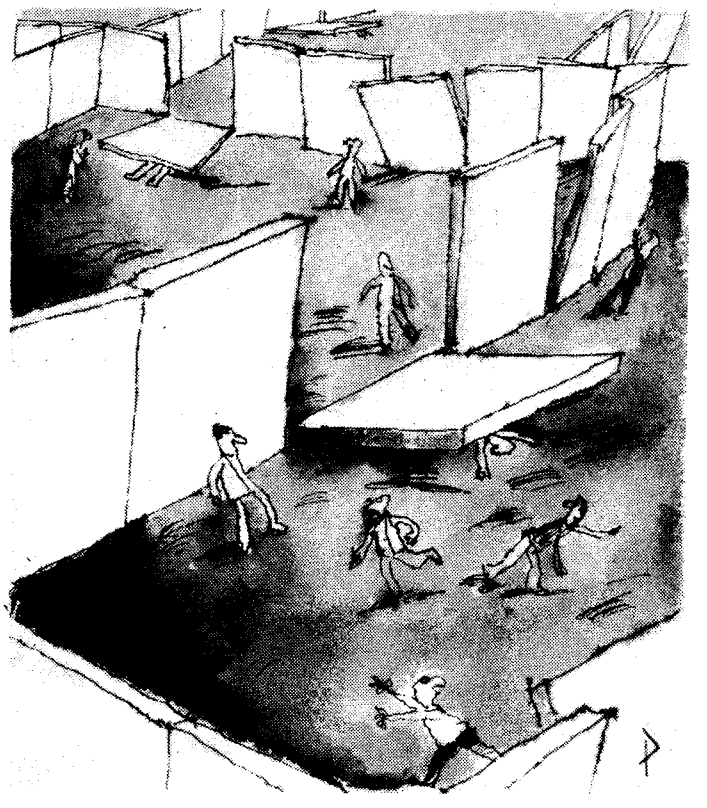
Big business—especially the agriculture and chemical industries—has been closely involved in the current round of GATT talks, launched in Punta del Este, Uruguay, in 1986 and dubbed the Uruguay Round. Daniel Amstutz, former senior vice president of Cargill Inc., the largest privately owned corporation in the world and also the largest grain company, and a former officer of the U.S. Department of Agriculture (U.S.D.A.), drafted the original U.S. proposal to GATT. Among Amstutz's ideas, most of which favor agribusiness and large food processors, is the proposal that Codex Alimentarius step from its once peripheral, advisory role as a subsidiary of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization into the limelight as the final arbiter of "sound science" in the 100 nations that are GATT members. In this role, Codex would arbitrate trade disputes involving agriculture.

Whether the U.S. negotiators' Codex proposal is adopted depends on whether GATT negotiators arrive at an agreement and on whether Congress approves it. The final GATT talks are taking place in Brussels the week of December 3 with the participation of the ministers of trade for all member countries. While many complicated trade issues pertaining to copyright law, textiles and telecommunications are still to be ironed out, the most explosive issue in the current talks is agriculture. It may indeed scuttle the whole round of talks. The European Community has not backed down on its desire to protect subsidy programs for small farmers, while U.S. GATT negotiators, led by former U.S. Trade Representative and current Agriculture Secretary Clayton Yeutter, propose that both the United States and the European Community slash farm subsidies and programs, allowing prices to fall as international borders are opened up to free agricultural trade.

Assuming these issues are resolved, the Bush Administration will then have to rewrite all relevant U.S. laws by March 1, 1991, to comply with GATT rules. Once this is done, GATT will be put on a fast track for approval. Since it is an agreement, not a treaty, Congress will have only ninety days and no more than twenty hours of debate to determine whether to accept the total GATT package as written, without being able to change a word of it.

While the press has focused some limited attention on the agriculture subsidy dispute, the far more dangerous, albeit even more soporific, aspect of GATT, Codex Alimentarius, has gone virtually unnoticed. Despite its claims to the contrary, Codex is not some objective panel of insulated scientists capable of determining once and for all what sound science is. It is a body stocked with industry handmaidens from the U.S.D.A. and F.D.A., wide open to lobbying by U.S. and transnational corporations. For example, a recent official U.S. delegation to Codex included three corporate executives from Nestlé; one each from Coca-Cola, Pepsi, Hershey, Ralston Purina, Kraft and C.P.C. International; as well as representatives from several food-processor associations, including the Grocery Manufacturers of America and the American Frozen Food Institute. In all, nearly half—twelve out of twenty-eight—of those attending were from industry.

People such as Douglas Johnson, national chair of the Action for Corporate Accountability, the organization coordinating a new Nestlé boycott, are worried that this corporate overrepresentation will further remove GATT and Codex from the democratic process. "I think it's shameful



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and disproportionate in the extreme for this one transnational corporation [Nestlé] to have three delegates in one representation," says Johnson. "If Codex were truly democratic, representatives would be chosen by the public and supported by the public to represent them at those meetings. Instead it's based on whoever has the most money."

Leah Margulies, founder in 1977 of Infact, which organized the original Nestlé boycott, fears that all her years of work in pressuring Nestlé, the largest food company in the world, to reform its marketing campaign and to stop seducing nursing mothers into forgoing their own breast milk for Nestlé's costly infant formula may be undone in the stroke of a pen. The reason: Codex would judge Nestlé's infant formula on scientific criteria alone, without taking into account the insidious impact the promotion of the formula has on nursing mothers and their children. "When industry was first trying to fight the W.H.O. standards for infant-formula marketing that were being developed under the auspices of the W.H.O., they said Codex was the appropriate arena for discussion on infant formula use," she said. "Industry knew it could control Codex, whereas the W.H.O. arena is more open to nongovernmental organizations."

But Lester Crawford, Codex Alimentarius coordinator for North America and the Southwest Pacific and administrator of the Food Safety and Inspection Service for the U.S.D.A., insists that Codex is not unduly influenced or controlled by industry lobbyists. "We admit any organization that wants to be on our advisory panels, but we don't take any votes," said Crawford. "The final decision is up to me."

And what sort of decision making for Codex can the public expect from Crawford? In his current role as director of food safety at the U.S.D.A., Crawford has advocated wholesale deregulation of federal meat and poultry inspections, turning over to the slaughterhouses the responsibility for policing themselves and the quality of their meat, according to Rod Leonard, executive director of the Community Nutrition Institute in Washington. Crawford has also instituted a streamlining of cattle inspections, despite warnings of serious health consequences from the National Academy of Science. (European Community inspectors in the market for U.S. beef recently found diseased cattle whose meat and organs were sold for human consumption. They also found contaminated meat stored alongside uncontaminated meat in packing plants.)

Under Crawford and Clayton Yeutter the U.S.D.A. is currently proposing to end border inspections by U.S. regulators of meat and poultry imported from Canada, despite warnings from the U.S.D.A.'s own legal counsel. Furthermore, Crawford has repeatedly defended the 1978 U.S.D.A. regulation that calls fecal contamination of poultry (a possible cause of salmonella infection and other potentially lethal diseases) merely a "cosmetic blemish" that can be washed away, according to Leonard. Charges Leonard, "Productivity is more important to Crawford than public health." Crawford's a virtual cheerleader for other Codex standards. He recently told a reporter for *Food and Chemical News*, a trade weekly, that all states should allow "free passage of any food with any pesticide that has achieved Codex levels."

If the GATT plan for Codex goes forward, people like Crawford will have still more power to pre-empt the regulatory authority of government agencies at the state and federal levels—a fact that troubles Dr. Richard Burroughs, a veterinarian and former F.D.A. scientist in Mount Airy, Maryland. As a veterinary medical officer for the F.D.A., Burroughs blew the whistle on regulatory mismanagement, and he says he lost his job in 1989 because of it. He believed that bovine growth hormone had not been adequately studied for its adverse effects on humans and animals and was being hastily foisted on farmers and test herds of cattle by the consortium of chemical companies (Monsanto, Upjohn, Cyanamid and Eli Lilly) that developed it. From the beginning of his testing of BGH, says Burroughs, it was evident that cases of mastitis (an inflammation of cows' mammary glands) and reproductive problems, as well as lameness and metabolic and endocrine disorders, were unusually high among test herds. But Burroughs maintains that evidence was ignored. "The F.D.A. has gone from being an honest review to a rubber stamp of whatever the drug companies bring in," he charges.

The stinging censure of F.D.A. mismanagement by Burroughs and current F.D.A. employees has prompted an investigation of the agency's review procedures, spearheaded by Senator Patrick Leahy's office and conducted by the General Accounting Office and the Department of Health and Human Services.

One target of their investigation is Gerald Guest, head of the F.D.A.'s Center for Veterinary Medicine and chair of the Codex committee on veterinary drug residues in foods. As Burroughs's supervisor at the veterinary center, Guest was one of the people pushing for what Burroughs viewed as "premature approval" of BGH. According to Burroughs, under Guest's orders F.D.A. planning and preparation for the testing of drugs was shortened from ninety days to thirty days, which "made it impossible to do an adequate job of review."

Were Codex to have the final say over such drugs as BGH, people like Guest would be given even more decision-making power. Despite the investigation, the F.D.A. is moving ahead on schedule: While BGH has not yet been approved, it will "probably be approved" soon, according to

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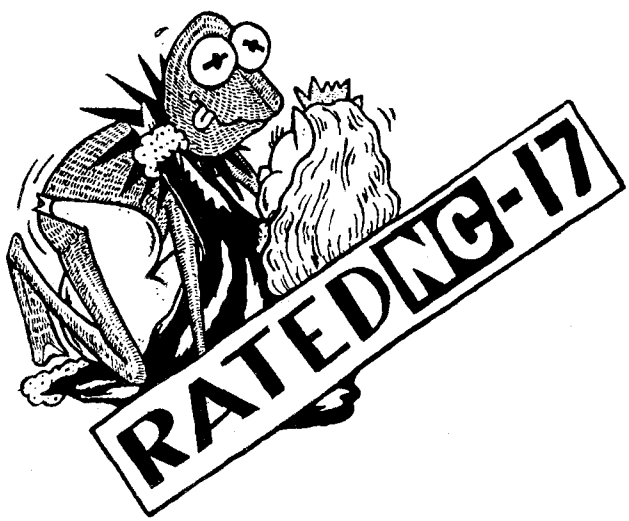
John Augsburg, Guest's assistant. Augsburg predicted that Codex would approve the hormone for international use by 1995. "I don't see Codex as a scientific body looking at the effects of a drug on animals or humans," says Burroughs disgustedly. "I see it as a means of freeing up international trade to bring barriers down."

Apparently the Bush Administration sees it that way too. The Administration, with Secretary Yeutter leading the way, loudly protested the European Community's 1988 ban on beef hormones as an unfair trade barrier with no basis in "sound science." The Administration has also criticized Wisconsin and Minnesota's moratoriums on BGH. "We just cannot have a situation in the world where we have an agency in some country put its finger in the air and if somebody objects to a product, the product is banned," Yeutter told the Midwest Governors' Conference last year.

Rather than be tempted into a philosophical argument over what constitutes sound science and who should decide what it is, scientists such as Samuel Epstein, a professor of occupational and environmental medicine at the University of Illinois Medical Center in Chicago, challenge the term itself. "'Sound' assumes that there is a consensus," says Epstein. "The problem with consensus in science is that it negates the concept of scientific inquiry, which is constantly challenging the status quo, constantly pushing back the walls of ignorance. The concept of 'sound science' actually imposes a gag on scientific inquiry." Mark Ritchie of the Institute for Agriculture and Trade Policy says his organization takes the criterion of sound science one step further: "We believe that ethical, moral, cultural, religious and social considerations are equally valid. In addition, to rely solely on science ignores that it is by definition incomplete, inaccurate and wrong too many times."

Supporters of GATT claim that Codex would simply be doing the job GATT was created to do—that is, concern itself only with international trade and access to markets. However, people such as David Morris, director of the St. Paul, Minnesota–based Institute for Local Self-Reliance, believe that the GATT process should be made more "transparent" and accessible to individual citizens. "Why shouldn't community groups be allowed the same standing as corporations in determining international trade regulations?" Morris asked.

Why indeed? U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills has refused the repeated requests of farmers and other groups to hold field hearings on GATT, denying them the opportunity to state their objections to the agreement. Some fear that if farmers, environmentalists and other consumer groups are indeed heard by Congress, the GATT talks will fail. Dire consequences have been predicted for the global economy by Hills and others should that happen. But some think a GATT failure would send a clear message to the Bush Administration: that open negotiations, with the democratic participation of all affected parties, are vital to the success of the next GATT round. □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# BOOKS & THE ARTS.

## Can't Forget the Motor City

LAWRENCE JOSEPH

DEVIL'S NIGHT: And Other True Tales of Detroit. *By Ze'ev Chafets. Random House. 240 pp. $19.95.*

"You can see here . . . the whole structure of an industrial society," Edmund Wilson wrote of Detroit in 1932. Detroit was by then one of the most famous cities in the world, its fame born of Henry Ford's production of automobiles on a mass scale. Ford not only revolutionized American capitalist thinking about labor and production, financial and consumer markets; he was also a cult hero in Weimar Germany and the Soviet Union. Both Lenin and Hitler expressly admired Ford's genius for collectivizing production. Detroit became the worldwide code word for—and the example of—modern technological progress.

By the time Wilson wrote of it, however, economic depression had hit America's modern dream city hard. The promise of high profits and high wages caused Detroit's population to expand by more than a million between 1910 and 1930, from 466,000 to 1,570,000. The city absorbed hundreds of thousands of people of different races, creeds and ethnic and class origins—European immigrants, Southern whites, dispossessed Southern blacks, and those from the country's Midwestern rural populations. The social pressures of the 1920s had resulted from the boom of economic expansion; the bust that was to follow created unparalleled social upheaval. Detroit then became a worldwide code word for class, racial and religious conflict—the place that gave rise to the democratic socialist automobile-worker unionism of Walter Reuther; the anti-Semitic American Christian corporate statism of Father Charles E. Coughlin; the Nation of Islam, founded by W.D. Fard; and the political progressivism of Frank Murphy. Detroit represented the twentieth century's boom-and-bust business cycle, forecasting the national economy.

Detroit's social meanings haven't stopped metamorphosing since. During World War II, the city—its working-class Southern black and white populations once again increasing—became the "Arsenal of Democracy," manufacturing more than half the armaments for the Allies. Yet in 1943 Detroit was the site of what was at that time the most vicious, murderous race riot in American history. By 1950, it was the largest union city in the country. In June 1963, Martin Luther King Jr., with the support of Reuther's United Automobile Workers, conducted an unprecedented civil rights march of 125,000 people down Detroit's central Woodward Avenue in a joint protest for racial equality and racial and economic integration; this served as the prelude to the March on Washington later that summer. In 1967, at the height of the Vietnam War, the economy booming, Detroit once again exploded in a race and class riot, even worse than the one in 1943. In 1974, during the oil shocks, Detroit's economy collapsed into a depression that has yet to end. The city has been touted as the first "postindustrial" environment, exemplified by massive structural unemployment, staggering poverty, racial and class conflict and unprecedented crime, violence and drug use. In the national and world media, Detroit's nickname changed from "Motor City" to "Murder City," while population shifts were making it the first American "black metropolis."

*Chafets presents his bona fides: a love of black music, a boyhood black friend.*

During the 1980s, the media images of Detroit became almost cartoonlike in the ways they encoded the city's complex historical, social and economic realities. "America's most violent city"; a city more than 70 percent black, depopulating (from almost 2 million in the 1950s to just over 1 million now), surrounded by suburbs (some exceptionally affluent) that are, for the most part, racially segregated and economically cut off from the city; city of staggering rates of unemployment, infant mortality, teenage murder and number of abandoned homes; city with a drug culture producing more income than any other source, including the shrinking automobile industry. Detroit is still a media hit, news that stays news.

Because American society has become so stupefyingly mediated—its realities reduced to layer upon layer of uncriticized images—it is necessary, more than ever, to place Detroit within its historical and social contexts. "Detroit" (by which I mean not only the city itself but also its suburbs), perhaps more than any other American metropolitan area, demands a social logic. The impressive body of works that have actually penetrated Detroit's realities—from Diego Rivera's "Detroit Industry" frescoes in the Institute of Arts, to B.J. Widick's *Detroit: City of Race and Class Violence* and Joyce Carol Oates's novels *them* and *Do With Me What You Will*, to Marvin Gaye's albums *What's Going On* and *Trouble Man*—reveal its complex social dimensions. Robert Conot, in his 1974 *American Odyssey*, presented over 700 pages of in-depth sociological and historical analysis of Detroit, a city that "has exerted tremendous social and economic influence." The most honest works about Detroit include criticisms of its mediated imagery; they probe beneath the surface mythologies into essential American realities.

Ze'ev Chafets was born in postwar Pontiac (I was born in postwar Detroit) and grew up in that archetypal factory city at the edge of the metropolitan Detroit area. After attending the University of Michigan, he immigrated to Israel in the spring of 1967, shortly before the riot (which struck Pontiac as well). In Israel, Chafets eventually became director of the Israeli government press office under Prime Minister Menachem Begin. He now is a writer who has taken on various subjects.

*Devil's Night: And Other True Tales of Detroit* takes its title from a recent image of the city reported through the national and international media—the annual arson of houses, most of them abandoned, on the night before Halloween. Parts of the book were pieced together

*Lawrence Joseph, whose two books of poems are* Curriculum Vitae *and* Shouting at No One *(both University of Pittsburgh Press), is professor of law at St. John's University School of Law.*

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into a cover story in *The New York Times Magazine* last July, titled "The Tragedy of Detroit." Chafets says that, after moving to Israel, "for years I rarely thought about Detroit. . . . Detroit held little interest for me." But in 1986, while visiting the city, "the fires of Devil's Night sparked my curiosity. I found myself unexpectedly drawn to my old hometown, and resolved that night to come back to the city and write about it." So Chafets returned to live in Detroit for several months in 1988 and 1989. His conclusions about the "old hometown" were two-toned. He found, after twenty years, that Detroit no longer was the "prosperous white city" he remembered through his twenty-year memory lapse but "a poor black one," a "black metropolis" riddled with extreme violence, crime and poverty, surrounded by racially segregated suburbs. Race, he determined, defined the metropolitan area's central social ethos. He also concluded that this metropolis, especially during the tenure of its first black mayor, Coleman Young (elected in 1973 and still in office), has "all the trappings of a third-world city—showcase projects, an external enemy and the cult of personality." The class dimensions of the city's conflicts, and how they relate to race, he ignored.

The *Times Magazine* article proved a boon to the book; Chafets had put yet another spin on Detroit in the news, reinvoking the images that Americans had come to accept while adding, as a racial twist, the "third-world city" idea. The article drew substantial media attention in Detroit. Capitalizing on the publicity, Chafets turned up for this year's Devil's Night, just as his book was published. He appeared on local media and a week later on an ABC News *Primetime Live* feature that, among other violence-crime-drugs-poverty-black-metropolis-segregated-suburbs images, showed eyewitness footage of Devil's Night and a shot of the cover of Chafets's book.

*Other True Tales of Detroit* leads one to expect a series of horror stories. Yet *Devil's Night*, Chafets tells his reader by way of introduction, is "a personal account, based on people I met, things I saw and events in which I participated." In fact, the book mixes narratives; it is part personal essay, part historical and sociological commentary presented in an "objective narrator" tone and part interviews of Detroiters in different social and political contexts. Its personal tone is so different from the signal sent by the sensationalistic title that you immediately have to wonder about it. After only a three-page description of Devil's Night 1986, Chafets, indeed, gets up-close and personal. Coming back to Detroit is, for him, "the closing of a circle," for, as a small boy, he "had always been fascinated by black people."

Then Chafets presents us with his racial bona fides: his love of black music (especially—you guessed it—Motown); his boyhood black friend, from whom he learned about sports, women, dress and street smarts; and the traumatizing murder of his grandfather by blacks in a grocery store robbery. As the book progresses, though, Chafets's 1950s-style white Negroism, which he adopts without irony or a whit of critical distance, turns into something else. In a city where, we are told, a "local habit" is "immediately classifying everyone by color," Chafets relates that "people were constantly telling me that I was 'almost white' and they would buttress this belief by pointing out that I had 'bad hair' and swarthy skin"—a judgment Chafets seems not only to accept but also to find charming. In race-obsessed Detroit, Chafets doesn't see himself as "white"


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at all. As a Jew, according to a racial theory he remembers hearing, he is a "Shemite," "red" and not "white"; he is a "light-skinned colored man." Chafets doesn't seem particularly bothered by this kind of race talk—but, then, he prides himself on having "a good eye for tribal animosity." Through "tribal" eyes, in Detroit, Chafets sees himself as black.

This weird racialism in Chafets's account isn't only silly: It borders on repulsive. It helps, though, to explain another observation of Chafets that had caught my attention. After talking to an unnamed black journalist who regarded him "with disdain" after he asked "why Detroit's kids seemed so violent," Chafets concludes: "Throughout my stay in Detroit, the only real hostility I encountered was from members of the black intelligentsia. Some were better at concealing it than others, but very often there was an unspoken question in the air—What the hell do you care?" Chafets doesn't consider that the disdain he felt directed at him may have been a result of his patronizing inquiries. Might not any intelligent person who lives in Detroit—black or white, "intelligentsia" or not—show disdain toward a person who left the city twenty years ago, who now comes back with soulful concern for its plight, feeling his credibility and authenticity by identifying himself as a member of the "tribe" of victims? Chafets doesn't consider that some of the conversations he engaged in may have been weird racial put-ons, or that his particular blend of racialist thinking may have been intrinsically racist and, therefore, seen as repugnant.

If Chafets, as an expatriate and an Israeli, had stuck to an exploration of his racial identification with blacks in Detroit—how such an impulse relates to concepts of American pluralism and principles of economic and racial integration—his account, at least, might have revealed some interesting truths. Instead, he laces his narratives, from the essayistic portions to the historical and sociological accounts, with explicit and implicit criticisms of "white racism and hostility." For example, the de facto housing segregation patterns of the suburbs and the segregationist values of most of the suburbanites he selectively interviews are presented, in context, as immoral. Yet what is the difference between the segregationist attitudes of white suburban Detroiters and Chafets's tribalist thinking? On the one hand, Chafets appears to espouse the principle of integration, which he uses to make social and moral judgments; on the other hand, he seems attracted to tribalistic racial segregationism. His failure throughout the book to engage in critical analysis of subjects as important as this turns most of Chafets's "commentary" into drivel.

Chafets explains that his identification with black Detroiters arises out of his "Israeli side. . . . Israel, like Detroit, is a place where people with a history of persecution and dependence finally gave up on the dream of assimilation and chose to try, for the first time, to rule themselves." The analogy, to put it mildly, is askew. Wouldn't the more obvious comparison with Israel be between black Detroiters and Palestinians? But his confusion about integration and segregation in Detroit is different from the common Israeli attitude, which doesn't pretend to a vision of Palestinian integration into civil society.

No, Chafets's confusion reflects his white American side. His narrations typify lip service to an abstract principle of racial integration. But racial integration, as a social concept distinguished from "racial equality," must include executive, legislative and judicial actions to integrate housing, education and employment, and to redistribute wealth and the sources of economic power. Although most Americans in 1990 would probably say they believe in racial equality (even David Duke is for it), the fact is that real programs of social and economic racial integration—as well as its moral base—have pretty much been rejected by the American body politic. We no longer even attempt an active public language of racial integration, and haven't for almost twenty years. America at the end of the 1980s remains to a great extent systematically segregated.

The implicit integrationist critique of white Detroiters by Chafets is subtly deceitful. He doesn't—white American society doesn't—really imagine, or care to imagine, economic and social integration. Moreover, an obvious difference exists between Chafets and the black Detroiters with whom he racially identifies: In America, blacks cannot choose which racial side they're on; in America, Chafets can. Black Americans can never live outside the fact that American institutions profoundly impose, maintain and condone segregation. The moral dilemma this creates is expressed by several of

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those black Detroiters (including Coleman Young) in *Devil's Night* whom Chafets graciously lets speak rid of his own mediations. I was struck, in particular, by the conversation of Fred Williams of the Detroit Police Department.

> Could we have another riot like 1967? Shit, yeah. The police were the catalyst last time, but it would have happened anyway. The lack of jobs, the despair, the bullshit by the politicians—read the Kerner Report, you could adjust it to today. It's building up, and if something isn't done, it could happen again. . . . I'll tell you something. . . . Detroit was the first city to get a lot of these problems, and it's going to be the first city to find solutions to them. We're going to solve these urban problems and blacks are going to do it.

The Kerner Report (the report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders), written at the behest of Lyndon Johnson after the 1967 riot, was published in 1968, when Chafets was in Israel, rarely thinking about Detroit. "This is our basic conclusion," the report states: "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal. . . . To pursue our present course will involve the continuing polarization of the American community and, ultimately, the destruction of basic democratic values."

You could adjust it to today; Detroit isn't, as Ze'ev Chafets advertises, "the first major third world city in the United States." Detroit is the American city that most manifestly reflects the racial segregation that permeates American society. Contrary to what too many of the media's and Chafets's images tell us, Detroit represents ill-distributed wealth, racial hatred, violence, drugs, poverty, unemployment and social disintegration little, if any, more than other urban areas in America. Because of its unique history, Detroit most intensely represents the consequences of systemic citywide racial segregation.

One image of Detroit, at the end of its remarkable twentieth century, stays buried beneath the others, an image that just doesn't appeal to national and international news media: Martin Luther King and Walter Reuther marching down Woodward Avenue, arms joined, with 125,000 blacks and whites, witnesses to democratic pluralistic ideals of social and economic racial integration that never have had, and maybe never will have, the opportunity to come true. □

# Manifest Destiny

GEORGE PACKER

MY SON'S STORY. *By Nadine Gordimer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 277 pp. $19.95.*

AGE OF IRON. *By J.M. Coetzee. Random House. 198 pp. $18.95.*

*The organicism that George Lukács defines as the integral relation between private and social destiny is distorted here [in this novel] more than is allowed for by the subjectivity that is in every writer. The exclusion is a central one that may eat out the heart of the work's unity of art and life.* —*Nadine Gordimer, reviewing J.M. Coetzee's* Life & Times of Michael K

Not long ago, a TV interviewer asked Nadine Gordimer what her "novelist's eye" had observed about Nelson Mandela when she met him following his release from prison. In a sense Gordimer was being prompted to display "the integral relation between private and social destiny," the "unity of art and life." But she didn't answer as a novelist. Giving no hint of Mandela's qualities as a private man, she spoke instead of his political skill and courage, of the recent conflicts with Inkatha's Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi. It seemed the only honest answer to an impossible question. What could a novelist make of a historical figure after one brief meeting? What could a novelist say about events that are changing every day? So she answered as a South African—as a member of the African National Congress.

But if Gordimer's "social destiny" is with the A.N.C., what are the consequences for her "novelist's eye"? At one point, the trademark vision of that eye showed sensuous detail and psychological depth. For emotional intensity, little can match the scene in *Burger's Daughter* (1979) when Rosa Burger, daughter of a jailed white activist, sees a black man flailing a donkey:

> Suddenly his body arched back with one upflung arm against the sky and lurched over as if he had been shot and at that instant the donkey was bowed by a paroxysm that seemed to draw its four legs and head down towards the centre of its body in a noose, then fling head and extremities wide again; and again the man violently salaamed, and again the beast curved together and flew apart. I didn't see the whip. I saw agony. Agony that came from some terrible centre seized within the group of donkey, cart, driver and people behind him. They made a single object that contracted against itself in the desperation of a hideous final energy.

Besides being a tour de force, this marks a moral turning point: Rosa's horror and guilt, her inability to find any right response to a brutalized man's brutality, propel her to leave South Africa, until another violent encounter brings her back home profoundly changed. *Burger's Daughter* and most of Gordimer's other novels have been essentially about this dilemma: individuals contending with the choices and compromises forced on decent people by brutal regimes.

Her new book, like *A Sport of Nature* (1987), already assumes the basic choice of commitment to the struggle for liberation. It may be this lack of profound moral struggle that leaves even the most dramatic moments of *My Son's Story* seeming generalized and rather didactic. Gordimer's eye makes abstract almost everything it tries to hold in focus. Here a group of liberal whites enter a black township to attend a political funeral:

> No picnic party; the whites found themselves at once surrounded by, gazed at, gazing into the faces of these blacks who had stoned white drivers on the main road, who had taken control of this place out of the hands of white authority, who refused to pay for the right to exist in the decaying ruins of the war of attrition against their presence too close across the veld; these people who killed police collaborators, in their impotence to stop the police killing their children. One thing to read about them in the papers, to empathize with them, across the veld; Hannah felt the fear in her companions like a rise in temperature inside the vehicle. She slid open the window beside her. Instead of stones, black hands reached in, met and touched first hers and then those of all inside who reached out to them.

As in the scene from *Burger's Daughter*, whites of good conscience are suddenly confronted with the reality of black life. But this scene, which culminates in a police massacre, has no moral or practical

*George Packer is the author of* Village of Waiting *(Vintage) and the novel* The Half Man, *to be published next fall by Random House.*

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consequence for the main characters. And between the two passages there's a world of difference in vividness, in psychological focus.

Little in Gordimer's recent fiction strikes very deeply—though her essays are a different matter. The new novel tells an exciting story from several points of view, with a plot full of surprises and a couple of scenes of high drama; yet it feels too easily written, her prose too slack. Since the "relation between private and social destiny" is no longer a deeply felt problem, the latter creeps in almost unnoticeably: Sonny, a "colored" schoolteacher, conscientious and bookish, joins a group of his students in a protest and immediately loses his job; soon he finds himself a member of the movement and endures a jail term. Years later, now a leader in the movement, he discovers that his daughter, Baby (an unremarkable teenager in every way, including her half-hearted suicide attempt), has joined the A.N.C.'s military wing and gone into exile in Zambia. Nothing in the story has prepared him or the reader for this, but since such decisions are part of everyday life among South Africa's oppressed, it receives little attention. By the time Sonny's lovely, passive wife, Aila, is arrested for storing hand grenades and limpet mines in their guest room, you feel only a mild twinge of shock.

The revelations of course make a point about Sonny—that he knows nothing of his own family. Like Rosa Burger's father, he is married to the movement; but he's also been carrying on a passionate affair with Hannah Plowman, a young white human rights activist. She frees Sonny's intellect and his sex drive (the link is constantly, breathlessly asserted) from the narrowness of his fairly conventional wife and family. Thus the irony is all the greater when, having lost both Hannah and his high standing in the movement, Sonny discovers that Aila and Baby were risking at least as much as he—for the movement.

Sonny's son, Will (named after Shakespeare), narrates portions of the story: It's Will who, playing hooky, runs into Sonny and Hannah at a movie theater and discovers the adultery. His relentless contempt for his father, strong attachment to his mother and resentment at being the only family member not engaged in clandestine activity somewhat animate those sections. Yet even Will remains static and overly explicit, his anger monochromatic: "Fucking his pudding-faced blonde . . . while he ought to be dandling his grandchild on his knee. It's disgusting to think like this about him, I know, but he's the one who's brought it about. That's the educational opportunity the progressive schoolteacher arranged for me."

The irony is that Gordimer *hasn't* written a piece of cheap inspiration on behalf of the liberation struggle. *My Son's Story* presents a flawed hero who ultimately fails, and its picture of movement politics is hardly sentimental. In theory, this is a novel of ambiguity; it's supposed to "raise questions" about conflicting loyalties. It would be dishonest to say that, in the schematic plot outlined above, anything like this actually happens. Even the political thought amounts to not much more than general declarations of sacrifice: "They went across the city to a cinema complex in a suburb where neither knew anyone, a suburb of rich white people who never attended protest meetings or knew, had seen in flesh and blood, anyone who had been a political prisoner." When the movement becomes factionalized and Sonny loses his status, the political content of the events remains a mystery.

Listening to Sonny speak at the funeral in the black township, his lover Hannah "felt at last she could define sincerity, also—it was never speaking from *an idea of oneself*." *My Son's Story* is not an orthodox novel, but, going by Hannah's definition, it isn't a sincere one either. It never goes deeper than the idea of commitment and its discontents; lacking nerve, it doesn't live in the imagination. Gordimer's support for the black liberation struggle hasn't sent her to jail, but it has here deprived her of her best subject matter without offering a viable replacement, and for a novelist that is no small sacrifice.

When Gordimer criticized J.M. Coetzee for excluding "social destiny" from a work of art, she was pointing to a theme of all his novels: that there is no salvation inside history and politics, but only in inwardness, silence, cultivating one's garden—which is literally the way the simple hero of *Life & Times of Michael K* survives during civil war. One can claim that this is a skewed, defeatist, even false vision, but a more affirmative one would require Coetzee to shut off the very source of his power. One couldn't ask him to turn his gifts to the cause of liberation and expect him to keep writing good books. Coetzee's quietism imposes

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limits on his novelistic range—in the case of *Foe* (1987) it led to a lukewarm novel of ideas—but it is central to the intense feeling in his work.

*Age of Iron* deepens quietism into pessimism; it spreads a sadness over the reader that is all the heavier for the lack of *Michael K*'s or *Waiting for the Barbarians*' imaginative brilliance. For the first time Coetzee does without allegory and fantasy: *Age of Iron* is set in Cape Town around the year 1986, and events like police raids on squatter camps are more than just social background. So the novel goes partway toward righting the balance between "private and social destiny." Coetzee's narrator is an old white woman, a classics professor, alone and dying of cancer. The novel is her letter to a daughter, long since fled to America, about her final days in a doomed country. "I am trying," she writes, "to keep a soul alive in times not hospitable to the soul."

Mrs. Curren hates the apartheid regime and its props: "What absorbs them is power and the stupor of power. Eating and talking, munching lives, belching." But only as she's dying does the hard violence of South Africa break in on her life. Her maid's son Bheki and the son's friend, student activists fleeing the police, take refuge in Mrs. Curren's house; at the same time, a homeless wino named Vercueil has begun sleeping on her property in a cardboard box. Vercueil is one of Coetzee's nearly speechless primitives, like Michael K (and like K's, his race is left indeterminate), who hover on the margin of social life as haunting counterpoints to the world of power and intellect. Vercueil hardly exists as a character beyond drinking, cadging money and quietly taunting Mrs. Curren for her garrulous despair. More than anything, he is a figure of death.

So history and death visit at the same time, and it's hard to say which intrusion causes her more pain. Mrs. Curren accuses her maid of abdicating responsibility for the behavior of the rebellious youths. "These are good children, they are like iron, we are proud of them," the maid declares, but for the white woman their hardness, arrogance and contempt for Vercueil bode ill: "If this is how the new guardians of the people conduct themselves, Lord spare us from them." Yet something like maternal instinct, the need to love, draws her to Bheki and his friend in danger. When Bheki disappears in the burning township, Mrs. Curren and her maid go to look for him. The


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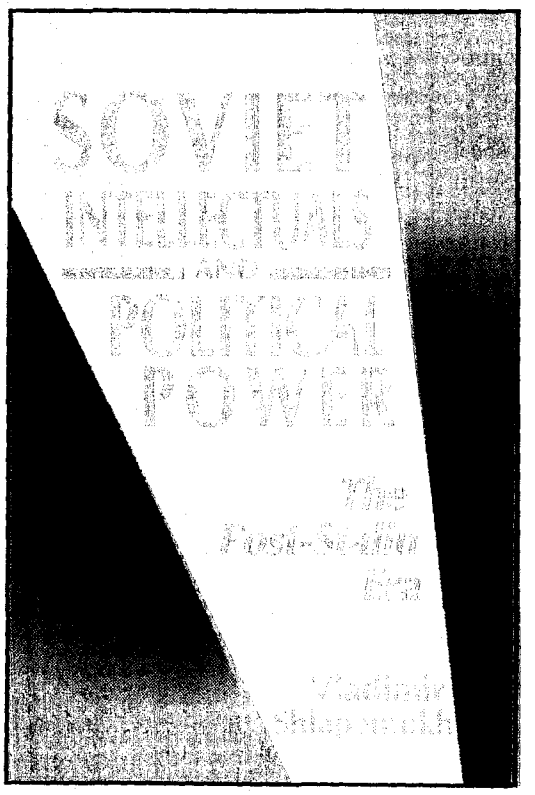


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night sequence in a squatter camp is as powerful as anything Coetzee has written, particularized and emotionally focused in a way the parallel scene from *My Son's Story* is not.

"I want to go home. I am in pain. I am exhausted," the sick old woman moans amid the overwhelming sights of violence and destruction. Her maid's brother, a schoolteacher, turns on her.

"But what of the people who live here? When they want to go home, this is where they must go. What do you think of that?" A crowd suddenly gathers; the atmosphere becomes coercive, accusing. "What sort of crime is it that you see? What is its name?"

"These are terrible sights," Mrs. Curren stammers, still trying to keep a soul alive. "They are to be condemned. But I cannot denounce them in other people's words. I must find my own words." At last they discover Bheki's bullet-torn body along with the bodies of other township youths. Mrs. Curren thinks: "Now my eyes are open and I can never close them again."

We are nearly on Gordimer's terrain. In one of her earlier novels, this excruciating moment would have marked as great a moral change as Rosa's sight of the man beating the donkey. It would have led to action; it might have ended in commitment. But with Coetzee there is no such outlet: This woman will continue to die, in deepening shame now as well as isolation, Vercueil her only companion. And she will end in his cold embrace. *Age of Iron* offers absolutely no hope, no sanctum for the soul against either social or private destiny. Yet neither death nor revolution can bring freedom. This might not be as fully "true" a vision as Gordimer's—not as true to the reality and promise of South Africa for black and white alike. But these two books by the country's greatest writers show that the "unity of art and life" has less to do with social truth than with intense private feeling. □

# Running With the Ball

DON BOGEN

THE WANT BONE. *By Robert Pinsky. Ecco Press. 70 pp. $17.95.*

With its blunt rhythm, clumsy double "n"s and "aw" sound followed by long "o," the title of Robert Pinsky's new book is a mouthful. Say it aloud and you can hear the echo of baby talk. Want-bone, want-bone—when the image is defined a few pages into the volume, the infantile overtones seem grimly appropriate. What could be more primal than a shark's jaw?

> The bone tasted of nothing and smelled of nothing,
> A scalded, toothless harp, uncrushed, unstrung.
> The joined arcs made the shape of birth and craving
> And the welded-open shape kept mouthing O.

This is not only strong but very smart poetry. The music in the quatrain shows Pinsky's command of formal technique: a fluent iambic pentameter with alternate unstressed and stressed line endings; a pattern of half-rhymes interrupted perfectly by the final "O"; and well-placed internal echoes stressing important words like "harp" and "arcs," "open" and "O," and the repeated term "shape." The image itself both alludes to and goes beyond its famous predecessors. This is no Romantic aeolian harp set into natural music by a breeze. It's not the charmed lyre of Orpheus or the harp of instant, inexhaustible beauty that Jack got when he climbed up the beanstalk. The want bone is more blunt than these. It sings because even in death it can't stop desiring.

*The Want Bone* presents an extreme vision—but then Pinsky's work has never been known for its caution. From the beginning of his career he has taken on large subjects. His incisive book of criticism, *The Situation of Poetry* (1977), is, among other things, an argument for a kind of poetry that moves beyond the image-oriented personal lyric with the logic and discursive range of the essay. He obviously delights in the liberation of tone and subject this implies. His first volume of poetry, *Sadness and Happiness* (1975), included witty verse essays on tennis strategy and psychiatrists, and the title of his second, *An Explanation of America* (1979), showed both the breadth and the chutzpah of his enterprise. Though Pinsky's claims are brash, as he examines everything from the Brownies to *Deep Throat*, there is an underlying geniality in these two books that continues in the long title poem of his third collection, *History of My Heart* (1984). The writing is fluid and measured, much of it in loose blank verse, and the poet renders his own experience—as a child in the decaying beach town of Long Branch, New Jersey; as a teenage sax player and quasi delinquent; as a parent in the Boston suburbs—with grace, human sympathy and a keen eye for detail. Though the poems are never merely narrations of the past—even "History of My Heart" becomes a discourse on power and gift giving—Pinsky's memories provide a familiar, comforting base for his analysis.

There is little of Long Branch in the new book. With the want bone, Pinsky has hit on a powerful and disturbing image for his concerns of recent years. This desiccated mouth is both rapacious and life giving, a source of beauty and a death mask. The picture of the world Pinsky develops in *The Want Bone* turns on these merged dualities, in which creation and destruction are part of the same process. It is a cyclic vision, but broader and bleaker than most. If many poets like to remind us that daffodils come back after the winter, Pinsky is concerned with more fundamental losses and gains, with the "necklace/Of skulls and also ecstasy" underlying our condition ("Shiva and Parvati Hiding in the Rain"). The Judeo-Christian idea of time as a linear process capped by deliverance is too rosy and too otherworldly. Pinsky's apocalypse is followed not by redemption but dispersal:

> But after the flood the bland Immortals will come
> As holy tourists to our sunken world,
>
> To slide like sunbeams down shimmering layers of blue:
> Artemis, Gog, Priapus, Jehovah and Baal,
> With faces calmer than when we gave them names,
>
> Walking our underwater streets where bones
> And houses bloom fantastic spurts of coral,
> Until they find our books. The pages softened
>
> To a dense immobile pulp between the covers
> Will rise at their touch in swelling plumes like smoke,
> With a faint black gas of ink among the swirls,
>
> And the golden beings shaping their mouths like bells

*Don Bogen, the author of* After the Splendid Display *(Wesleyan University Press), teaches at the University of Cincinnati.*

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Will impel their breath against the
weight of ocean
To sing us into the cold regard of
water.
("The Uncreation")

So much for Saint Peter at the Holy Gate and sonnets that will make their subject live forever. The consistent, faintly humorous tone and sustained development of the scene here are typical of Pinsky's achievement. This poet not only has imagination, he knows how to run with the ball.

With the exception of the title poem and the exquisitely rendered "Icicles," the strongest pieces in *The Want Bone* are the longer ones. Several of these are in blank verse, with the poet weaving complex, varied sentences over twenty or thirty three-line stanzas. Pinsky first began to make use of this particular balance of syntactic variety and stanzaic regularity in a few poems from *History of My Heart*, but the new work is less anchored to one scene, hence more open and exploratory. "Voyage to the Moon," for instance, starts and ends inside a child's fantasy based on playing cards but passes along the way through Isaiah, piecework sewing, ecodisaster and the demise of a dictator. What's impressive here is not only the breadth of material but Pinsky's ability to engage it all without losing sight of his central concerns. There are, of course, repeating motifs, and the diverse images are not random. But the structure rarely feels manipulative or forced. As he shifts gears in these poems, Pinsky keeps turning up scenes that are both surprising and apt—you never know where the poem will go, but each new move seems like the right one at the time. His adroit sense of pace within the accumulating swirl of meaning keeps the longer poems from chaos on the one hand or corpulence on the other.

While the pulse of iambic pentameter and the repeating three-line stanza provide a framework for the poet's wild imaginings in pieces like "Voyage to the Moon" or "The Uncreation," other poems dispense with this scaffolding. Pinsky's free verse can be hampered at times by a tendency to rely on clipped phrases: "Visions of Daniel" and parts of "Hut" have a truncated feel to them, like sketches that haven't been fleshed out yet. But when he loosens his grip to allow longer and more varied units, he can do amazing things. There's a jumpy intricacy to the music here that blank verse could never achieve. In "The Refinery" the bizarre extended metaphor of human speech as refined crude oil culminates in a swamp of polysyllabic names, awkward line-breaks and alliteration as dense and grotesque as the image itself:

Libation of Benzene, Napthalene,
Asphalt,
Gasoline, Tar: syllables
Fractioned and cracked from un-
articulated

Crude, the smeared keep of life that fed
On itself in pitchy darkness when the
gods
Were new—inedible, volatile
And sublimated afresh to sting
Our tongues who use it, refined from
oil of stone.

*The Want Bone* has a definite cosmological flavor. There are gods everywhere—Judeo-Christian, Greek, Norse, Hindu—and they take an active role in human affairs, drinking up our language, thumbing through our soggy books, sending down rules and visions. With


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their temper tantrums, hot lovemaking and group expeditions, they function partially as a kind of fun-house mirror of our own dreams and failings. Thus Jehovah seems petty in his obsession with proper procedures, his son can be naïve and petulant, and Shiva and Parvati are too wrapped up in themselves to pay much attention to anyone else. But Pinsky is not interested in humanizing the gods—they may be quirky but they're still supernatural. His perspective is apocalyptic, and he achieves it largely through tone. Over the years he has developed a distinct poetic voice—distanced yet personal, reasonable yet imaginative, and always curious—that allows him to blend fabulous evocation with down-to-earth analysis. His version of Genesis, for example, places the myth in the context of basic human economics:

> In the beginning God drenched
> The Emptiness with images: the potter
> Crosslegged at his wheel in Benares market
> Making mud cups, another cup each second
> Tapering up between his fingers, one more
> To sell the tea-seller at a penny a dozen,
> And tea a penny a cup. The customers smash
> The empties, and waves of traffic grind the shards
> To mud for new cups, in turn; and I keep one here
> Next to me
>
> ("The Hearts")

Pinsky has always been concerned with origins—of identity, a role in a family, a sense of place. In *The Want Bone* his inquiry goes further to look at the source and value of art—not just at his own but at everything we make. While the catalogues, perorations and sheer abundance of sensory detail in his work show that he is anything but ascetic, *The Want Bone* reflects a certain unease with the relentlessness of the creative impulse. This comes out in what is clearly the strangest piece in the book, the allegorical narrative "Jesus and Isolt." Pinsky's prose fable is not entirely successful—its tone waffles between the realistic and the fantastic, and the ending seems a bit pat—but he certainly has a new angle on Tristram. Here the heroic lover and poet is a "bull-necked and scar-covered killer and harper," his craft the obsessive transformation of slaughter into chivalric ballads. It's not the aesthetic distortion that disturbs here as much as the vision of the poet as an automaton who will keep on doing this even in hell. Tristram's harp, it turns out, is another want bone.

With that stream of mud cups and the poetry flowing from the killer's harp, Pinsky has homed in on the basic tension that animates his work. One of our most energetic poets, he wants to get everything into his art: fifties pop groups, Buddha, heroin, barnacles clinging to a pier (this all in one poem). Yet he is also far more aware than most of the final insignificance of human endeavor. In his struggle to reconcile the void and the abundance of this world, he has produced a book that is both unrelenting and rich. □

# THEATER.

## THOMAS M. DISCH

**Oh, Kay!**
**Buddy**
**Six Degrees of Separation**
**The Playboy of the Western World**
**The Voysey Inheritance**

David Merrick's revival of the Gershwins' *Oh, Kay!* at the Richard Rodgers Theatre is rollicking entertainment of the first order. The original book by Guy Bolton and P.G. Wodehouse is deliberate piffle of a kind that might seem impervious to criticism, until one encounters the piffle of those less gifted and realizes that piffle has its own Rembrandts and Michelangelos. In order to tailor the book to the requirements of an all-black cast, James Racheff has written an adaptation (following the "concept" of director/choreographer Dan Siretta) that nicely captures the Bolton/Wodehouse tone. Having thus shored up the one potentially weak element of the show, *Oh, Kay!* should simply rise aloft on the Gershwin music like the theatrical equivalent of a hot air balloon.

And so it does. Brian Mitchell as the romantic lead is the stuff matinee idols are made of, and the show really begins only when he sings his first number, "Dear Little Girl." Angela Teek, a ten-time winner of TV's *Star Search '90*, makes it hard to imagine that Kay is a role originated by Gertrude Lawrence, since she's remodeled it from the inside out to fit her own vocal and emotional mold. Her most famous song, "Someone to Watch Over Me," is not the wistful wish of a helpless young thing for masculine protection but a veiled threat: Watch over me, honey, or I'll be bad. In her show-stopping, cornet-toned final song, "Show Me the Town," that threat is carried out, and when Angela Teek is bad, she's very, very good.

Siretta's choreography alternates between ever more flamboyant variations on the Charleston and tap, often for the whole chorus, at industrial strength. Because the book for *Oh, Kay!* is essentially a pretext for great singing and dancing, there is simply *more* great singing and dancing than one is accustomed to in any show that's not an out-and-out revue; more opportunity for star turns by no less than four great dancers—Kevin Ramsey, Gregg Burge, Kyme and Stanley Wayne Mathis—in solos, duets, trios and as the storm center of the chorus.

Frank Rich of the *Times* wrote a pan so hostile and wrongheaded one could only suppose he had a motive. Maybe David Merrick killed Rich's wife? Something of that magnitude, surely. The one judgment call I'd like to go on record as contesting is that *Oh, Kay!* has the air of a "minstrel show," with humor redolent of *Amos 'n' Andy*. To my mind, *Once on This Island*, which Rich's rave brought to Broadway, *is* a kind of minstrel show, in that it represents a calypso never-never land of blacks as whites would like to imagine them, happy on the plantation, practicing picturesque voodoo rites and coping with a "racial problem" that even Jesse Helms could contemplate with equanimity: whether one of chocolate skin tones can find happiness with mocha. *Oh, Kay!* has no such subtext, its piffle having as little to do with race as does a box of popcorn. Do cornball jokes and comic shticks suddenly become racist because a person of color delivers them? Is it simple fun for Gertrude Lawrence and Victor Moore to impersonate fumbling servants but demeaning for Angela Teek and Helmar Augustus Cooper? (The latter is, by the by, top-notch in the Top Banana role of Shorty.)

So why have an all-black *Oh, Kay!* if the color of the cast is of no real consequence? The most obvious answer is that there is so much black talent going begging, and color-blind casting works, for most shows, only with color-blind audiences. The Bolton/Wodehouse book wouldn't bear the weight of a romance that appeared to cross racial lines; nor would the music express such a weighty narrative complication. But there is a further aesthetic justification, in that Gersh-

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win's music has its roots in black jazz and blues, and it seems only fair that black performers should have their chance at Gershwin shows other than *Porgy and Bess*.

*Buddy* is an odd import from London that features the American rock singer Paul Hipp in an evening-long impersonation of Buddy Holly. You will enjoy the show strictly in proportion to your enjoyment of Buddy Holly's music and performance style. A rock-and-roll singer at the dawn of time, Holly was tethered to a microphone and was extremely laconic in his use of body English. He wrote "That'll Be the Day," "Peggy Sue," "Johnny B. Goode" and other golden oldies, and performed them with a playful vocal panache, which Paul Hipp mimics persuasively.

A teenage workaholic who was dead at the age of 20, Holly didn't have much of a life for purposes of dramatization. Aside from his string of pop chart successes, the only thing he did of narrative interest was to rid himself of the group he first performed with, at the promptings of his wife and (I would imagine, though the show's writer, Alan Janes, doesn't) a canny sense that all the pie is better than a slice. After the break, to judge by the tunes in the show, Holly's mind turned to cheese, much the way John Lennon's did in similar circumstances. Overall, the story component of *Buddy* has all the pace and drive of a Nativity pageant, and is no less reverent.

As a living, singing wax museum of late fifties rock, with guest spots for impersonators of Ritchie Valens (Philip Anthony doing "La Bamba") and the Big Bopper (David Mucci with "Chantilly Lace"), *Buddy* is an object of both innocent fun and baleful fascination, depending on the degree to which you bought into the pop culture of the fifties. I enjoyed the songs on the radio at the time without paying much attention to them, but if these people were on TV, I never saw them. So it came as a surprise to see that the Big Bopper, in person, came on like a happy white dork doing a gross-out parody of black style, without blackface. Nothing in the Buddy Holly persona is of equal interest, at least not as represented on the stage of the Shubert Theatre. What is also not represented is the female sex, except for a memorable rendition of "Sweet Love" by Sandra Caldwell, Denese Matthews and Lorraine Scott, as imaginary precursors of Motown style. They reminded the audience that they were at a Broadway show.

The prospect for legitimate drama (i.e., nonmusicals) on Broadway can seldom have been bleaker than at the present moment. Of the four scheduled to open before Christmas, one has already flopped (*Standup Tragedy*); another, Molière's *The Miser*, is appearing at the Circle in the Square, a venue that is Broadway's resident regional theater, a not-for-profit institution secure against box-office realities (as it had better be when it offers a Hallmark Card–style snooze like *The Miser*); a third, *Shadowlands*, is an import from England that has yet to open. Which leaves John Guare's *Six Degrees of Separation*, at Lincoln Center, as the season's major contender in the Serious Drama category.

## Six Degrees *panders to its audience through egregious flattery.*

If ever a play seemed a sure thing, it is *Six Degrees*, having been pretested at the Newhouse Theater downstairs from the Vivian Beaumont, where it gathered raves and drew audiences for several months. It's capably written, and Jerry Zaks—the Elia Kazan of our shrunken era—has milked the script of every drop of humor and pathos it can yield, supported by a cast that gives their all. Stockard Channing has a part that secures her position as the reigning role model for middle-aged white women of the upper-middle classes, a Katharine Hepburn for the *fin de siècle*. Courtney B. Vance, playing a young black con man who convinces a cross section of the upper crust that he is the son of Sidney Poitier, bids fair to become another Poitier himself.

Though I cannot gainsay the professionalism of all concerned, I did not much like the play. The way Guare worked out his various equations in the politics of gender and class left a bad taste in my mouth. To analyze the components of that taste would require so detailed a description of the plot that it would spoil the play for those who've not yet seen it, and it surely merits being seen. So, baldly stated, I thought *Six Degrees* panders to its carefully targeted audience of politically liberal upper-middle-class professionals by egregiously flattering them under the guise of satire. Further, the plot draws a similitude between the rich whites who are taken in by the black con man's charms and a poor actor from Utah who is seduced and sodomized by the con man, and who then, finding himself abandoned, commits suicide. This subplot is Guare's chief fictive addition to a premise that in other respects follows actual 1983 newspaper headlines very closely, and I don't see how one is to interpret it except in a cautionary way: Open your doors to that sort and you'll find yourself shafted. The resulting shift of sympathy away from the Courtney Vance character allows Stockard Channing to assume a tragic demeanor in the last minutes of the play as she agonizes over not being able to contact the man she and her husband have, for no compelling reason, betrayed to the police. She even supposes he may have committed suicide by hanging himself with a pink shirt she'd given him. Her helplessness—or rather, unhelpfulness—is at last the source of an expression so stricken the very spotlight must fade to black.

Guare's drama may, in fact, be a fair representation of the state of the communal conscience of the generality of patrons of Lincoln Center at the close of the Reagan era. If so, I can understand why most of the time they prefer to attend the ballet.

By a happy coincidence the Irish Repertory Theatre mounted a production of J.M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, at the South Street Theatre. The coincidence lies in the remarkable correspondence between the plots of *Playboy* and *Six Degrees of Separation*. Each play satirizes a society that welcomes and then rejects a duplicitous outsider, whose entree to that society is a lie he's told about his father. (Synge's Christy Mahon claims to have murdered his.) Even the endings are similar, with the woman who'd most taken a fancy to the intruder facing the bitter knowledge of her own act of betrayal and its unhappy consequence. The difference between the two plays is scale, Synge's being in every way larger: bawdier in its humor, deeper in its examination of human nature, more varied in the range of social types, and larger in the crucial sense of generosity of spirit. In the last regard, the difference may rather be between the societies portrayed than the playwrights' vi-

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sions, but I think not. *The Playboy of the Western World* is one of those plays, like *She Stoops to Conquer* or *Our Town*, that have made themselves part of the permanent repertory by virtue of a warmth and amiability all the more irresistible for seeming to issue from a cynical or chilly temperament.

The predominantly Irish-born cast of *Playboy* was largely recruited from last season's deservedly successful revival of *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* and once again they made a strong case for playing Irish music on the original instruments. The production was not quite as sound dramatically as it was vocally. Each of the three principals—Patrick Fitzgerald in the title role, Madeleine Potter as the barmaid who falls in love with him and Caroline Winterson as the ribald Widow Quin—had moments too broad to command belief. But once the play attained liftoff, somewhere in the middle of Act I, it soared just the way it was engineered to. Stephen Joyce as Christy's unmurdered father always came across as the genuine Oedipal article, such a lout as any son would feel compelled to kill, but, even so, lovable. I would urge you to see it, but alas, it's soon closing.

*The Voysey Inheritance* by Harley Granville Barker dates from the same era as *Playboy* (1905 and 1907, respectively), and though it is nothing like as famous—the recent production at New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre represents, amazingly, its American premiere—it is very nearly as good. In his own time, Granville Barker's reputation as a playwright was overshadowed by his having, as a director, championed Shaw and made him a box-office success, as well as by his modernist stagings of Shakespeare and Greek tragedy. It didn't help that his themes often attracted censors and repelled audiences. In 1918, at the age of 41, after decades of crusading for socialism, he married rich and stopped writing plays. The figure he cut was of the professional showman, not the soulful artist, and the few plays he did write are hard to characterize: He's either an Ibsen with a flair for comedies of manners or a Shaw without seltzer. Indeed, like most great writers, Harley Granville Barker resembles no one but himself. He's the only English playwright of the first half of the century who gives the contingent of great Irishmen—Shaw, Yeats, Synge, O'Casey—any competition.

*The Voysey Inheritance* opens with a revelation by the senior member of the law firm of Voysey and Son to the junior member that he has been systematically embezzling the funds left in the firm's trust for decades, constantly robbing a younger generation of Peters to settle the estates of moribund Pauls. Voysey Jr. is aghast, but soon enough he finds himself assisting at the family trade of peculation, until, in Act III, his father lately deceased, he must explain to his mother and abundant siblings and in-laws how their wealth has been earned. Each member of the family is drawn with a realism tinged with cruel humor, as in the best novels of Trollope. The romantic component is managed even better; better, indeed, than in Shaw's plays. But of course the focus of interest is on the continuing success or failure of the family's life of crime, and in this the play is still as fresh as the ink on yesterday's S&L headlines.

The cast at the Long Wharf was sterling. James Noble as the family's founding scoundrel was as likable, though in a patrician way, as Ronald Reagan. Boyd Gaines as Voysey Jr., a role that requires a basically sober comportment through five Ibsen-sized acts, managed the job commendably. But it is the cameo roles that are the play's gems, and these were so well cast that for once I understand why casting merits a special credit. In this case the credit goes to Deborah Brown. The most notable cameo, that of George Booth, the family's oldest and richest victim, was played by William Prince, a Broadway veteran with six decades of service who's still (I can't resist it) a prince among players. Ralph Williams as Peacey, the firm's complicitous law clerk, came as close to Shavian comedy as the play permits. Doug Stender, Louise Roberts, Joyce Ebert, Tom Hewitt and Michel R. Gill were some of the best Voyseys, but everyone earned his or her keep, including set designer John Lee Beatty, costume designer David Murin and, preeminently, director Arvin Brown. It's no small accomplishment to have marshaled such large forces and to have located just the right tone—somewhat to the north of comedy of manners—for the work of an author with whom neither the cast nor the audience are likely to be familiar. Brown has been the artistic director of the Long Wharf for twenty-four seasons. Happy New Haven. □

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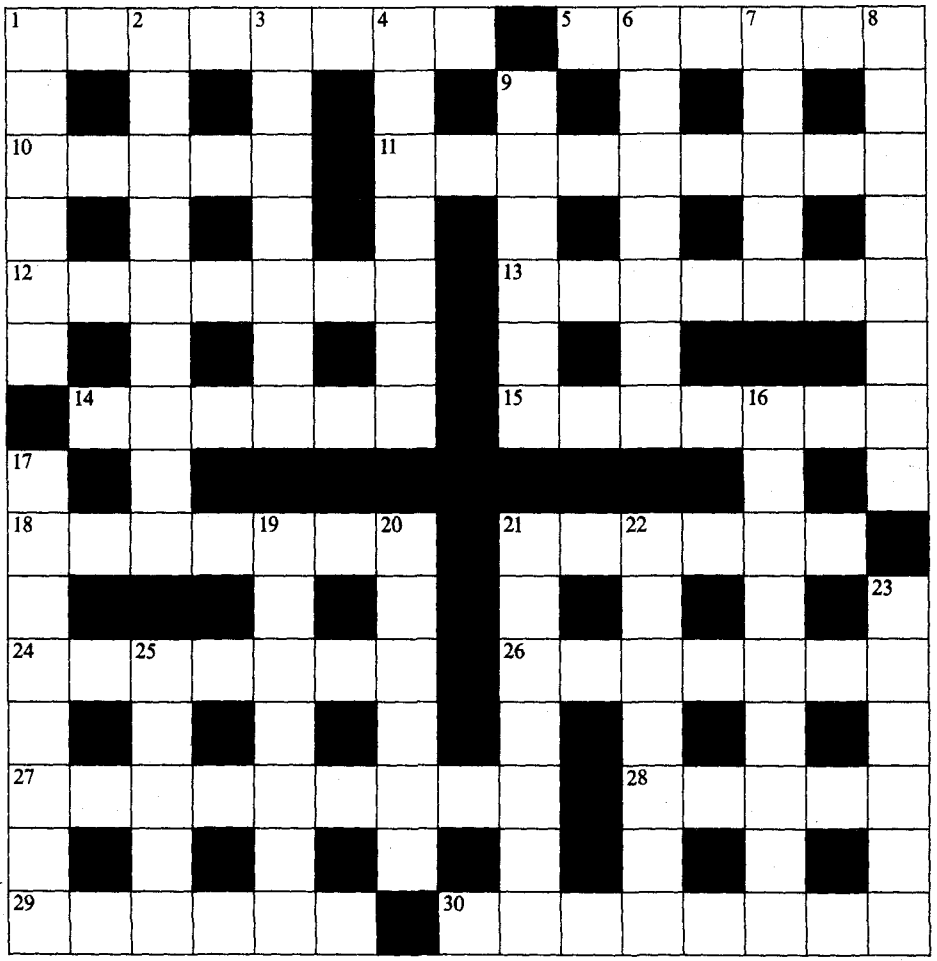
# Crossword Puzzle No. 2316

FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS

1 and 5 Showing amusement at what the market might provide? (Or is the humor they provide not in good taste?) (8,6)
10 and 9 down Supply food for one of those important people in church? One might turn out to be something beautiful! (11)
11 Does one take a through railway, or perhaps the heroine one hears, from the higher caste? (9)
12 Nothing to do with ours, perhaps, being fragrant. (7)
13 Bulwer Lytton said the one of youth is reserved for a bright manhood, once it's mixed with 61. (7)
14 A Spanish gentleman is more deserving of Floyd's nickname than the gangster! (7)
15 Begin again, and lie by painting! (7)
18 Possibly a nun, and a misguided dame—definitely not titled! (7)
21 What one learns with fewer clothes? (6)
24 The sailor, as they say, allows they're something to drink from! (7)
26 The minor official consists of nothing but flab, if I read it correctly. (7)
27 Looks at what once might have followed a well-dressed lady—causing some difficulty of vision. (9)
28 It's all right with a mixed type of animal! (7)
29 and 30 Disavow a person's caddish alter ego, and walk away abruptly! (4,2,4,4)

### DOWN

1 and 17 Implying no trial result—and not much common sense! (4,2,8)
2 The ways of Lucy? (Don't! Under construction!) (9)
3 A musical instrument has nothing on a tool for Ahab! (7)
4 One associated with retribution seems in trouble! (7)
6 Sends things in one way—sex, to a point, allowed up here. (7)
7 Like an ice cream container, of sorts? (5)
8 and 23 The brawn of Robin Hood's Scarlet implies a certain inner force. (8,2,4)
9 See 10 across
16 Aim to be an unusual example—one certainly doesn't like to do it. (9)
17 See 1 down
19 Some art is abstract, for the artist, as one might be called! (7)
20 Looks pretty bad, and shown when the hand is malformed. (6)
21 The lone sort is about to seize up the country—no wonder it's in trouble! (7)
22 Would-be grooms who mistakenly proclaim it's ours? (7)
23 See 8
25 Make the eyes dim, and find it in trouble around. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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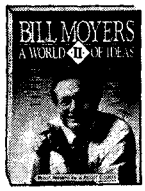

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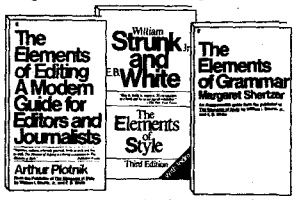

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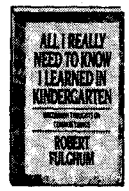

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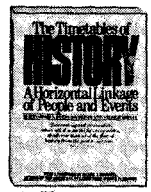

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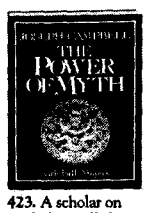

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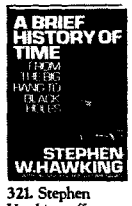

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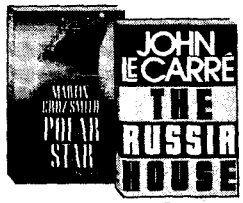

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